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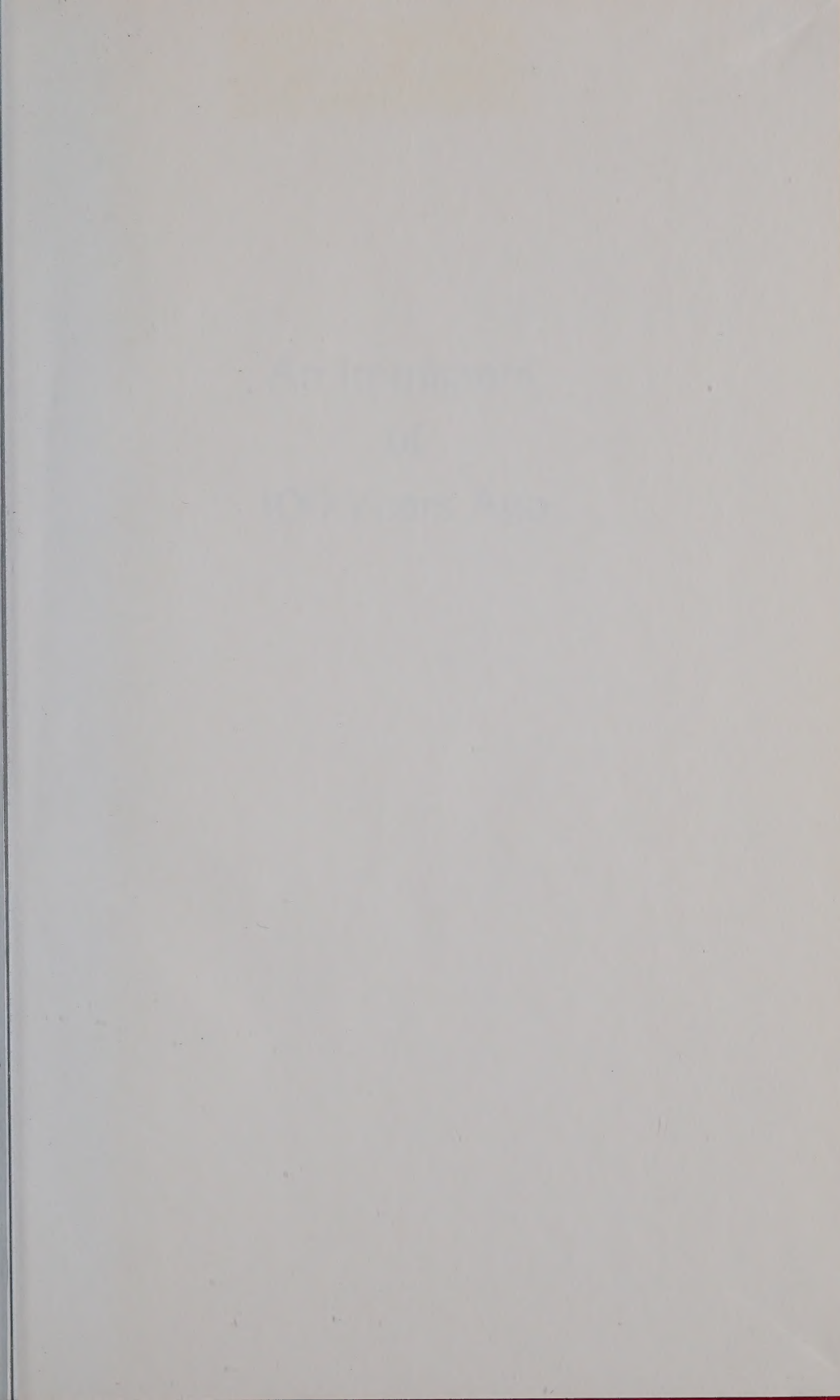
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AN IMMIGRANT OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A STORY OF SOMEONE'S ANCESTOR

Heartman

TRANSLATED AND RETOLD

BY

AN OLD HAND.

THE BOOK FARM

HATTIESBURG, MISS.

1941

Heartman's Historical Series No. 61

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CHARLES HEARTMAN

There wasn't much to do. Nor was there any outlook whatsoever. We owned a farm. If such one may call it. Skimpy four acres with a rickety building. As you entered the house you became acquainted with the whole of it. One big hall, the floor of which was stamped earth. On one side two rooms were partitioned off; sleeping quarters. On the other side there was accommodation for a pig, two goats, and some chickens. In the big hall we lived, cooked and occasionally had the animals there. But even all this belonged only theoretically to us. It really was part of the estate owned by the man living in the manor house. I omit here his titles, the translation of which no available dictionary would give. We had to work two hundred and twenty-five days a year for him without wages. The rest of the time we could use tending to our own little lot, the produce of which was our own. The pastor of the nearby little town had befriended me and loaned me many books. There was little hope at home and I was very restless.

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One day when it came out that my unmarried sister had her belly full, a great hubbub followed. We pressed her for the facts. Crying, she finally broke down saying it was the son of the landlord. My father got as white as a sheet. He dug his nails into the palm of his hand, but wouldn't say a word. Mother cried piteously. That night I beat up the wretch. When I came home, my hands besmeared with blood, father didn't say a word. He helped me clean up, then opened the buttons of his shirt. There, on a string around his neck, he had a small purse. He opened it and poured the contents on the table. Nine gold coins. I asked him if he had some silver. Out of his trouser pockets he pulled a long, hand-knitted purse. Moving the two rings which separated the copper from the silver, he found a few silver thalers. I took five of them. I also took three of the gold pieces, thinking all the while how many years it had taken him to accumulate this little wealth.

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He told me to go to the landlord's stable and explained to me which horse I should choose. He cautioned me to ride fast, to watch for the Leine, a river whose waters emptied into the Nord See. He thought it best that I should follow this river until I should sight a boat. Without so much as glancing at the loved ones sleeping peacefully in adjoining chambers, not knowing what tragedy had overtaken them, I left. After a few hours I arrived at a small market place and made towards the landing. Luck would have it that a small sloop carrying freight was about to leave. I jumped aboard. The skipper, seeing my state of agitation, followed me willingly when I motioned him into a corner where we might be unobserved. I took a chance. I told him the whole truth. When I was through he patted me on the back, pressed my hands and sent me below. In a few minutes the gurgling noise of the water told me we were on our way.

Without hindrance we reached the Freeport. I was on deck. The skipper did not immediately make for a landing but manouvered around until he sighted a big sailing vessel. He gave orders to move along side of it and went aboard. A little later I was transferred to this vessel.

It was on May 23rd, 1831, when I left the hospitable little freight boat and went aboard the American brig, THETIS, commanded by Captain Screnzen, hailing from Middleton, Connecticut. How happy I was! How gladly I agreed with the skipper to work for my passage to America! We stayed in St. Croise a few days and sailed away from there on the 31st of May. I was surprised not to hear any cursing and scolding, which—so I had read in books—was so common on all vessels. Nevertheless, on board all orders were carried out swiftly and competently.

All went well the first six days out. I was not worked too hard and quickly learned some nautical terms. It was surprising how easily my Hanoverian ear grasped the common American phrases used in attending to hourly and daily needs. There were a few Germans on board but I kept to myself, not being willing to reveal myself and at the same time not being in a mood to deceive them with lies.

Late in the evenings I was on deck, staring into the firm-

ament and observing the endless mass of water; at the same time swelling my lungs with the sharp, salty air. I was not depressed. On the contrary, I was free and boundless anticipation filled me with rapture and happiness. That I had killed a human being, strange as it may seem, never bothered me. Occasionally a shadow passed over my day dreams. When the thought of my loved ones crossed my mind and I pictured their anxiety and envisioned the troubles brought into their lives through my behaviour, I felt melancholy. Such gloomy interruptions did not linger long with me but passed rather quickly. When I overheard two sailors talking in my mother tongue about the wonders of America I stood with gaping mouth and my ears were wide open. I decided then that I would make the very best of my opportunities.

On the evening of the sixth of June, heavy clouds arose in the East. The wind commenced blowing fresh and we reefed our sails. The breeze became stronger and after a little while increased still more. We reefed one sail after another until in the morning we did not have out a single rag. The storm raged and there was a sea, the like of which I have never seen since. The vessel was heavily loaded with molasses and rum. We had seventy casks on deck. Towards noon the storm was at its worst. The ship was more under than above the water and it was a miracle to me no one was washed overboard. It did not seem possible but the storm kept growing. The captain gave orders to cut the masts. The second mate ran with an axe and chopped away. Shortly the main mast broke off close to the deck. I was cutting one of the ropes when the mast snapped like a sewing thread. It jumped out of the track and in its fall smashed eight casks of rum and knocked a sizable hole in the deck, then fell over the bulwarks. In the meantime the water poured through the hole. Naturally, I feared the ship would sink. We used all our bedclothes and whatever else we could find to plug the hole. We succeeded in stopping the water from rushing in quite so fast. All this time the mast was hanging on the side bumping and knocking against the ship. It looked to me as if there was great danger that the mast would break the vessel all to pieces.

It was almost impossible to work in the terrible sea and it took us more than an hour to get the mast cleared away.

The bow-sprit was pulled off with the mast. We had to work hard and fast, jumping from one job to another under sharp, precise orders coming from cool-headed, competent superiors. I was sent to the pumps but it was found that the water was already too high in the hulk. The captain resolved to throw our deckload overboard to ease the ship. We knocked the bottom out of the rum casks, but as soon as the rum began to flow, the sailors went down on their stomachs and drank their fill and more. In a very short time we had only a few sober men. The captain had already consumed a few drinks. Now he stood somewhat helpless on the wheel deck, and it seemed to me, cried. There were two Irish passengers on board. One of them was so frightened that we feared from his actions he wanted to jump overboard. The second mate ordered the two shut up in the cabin. As a result, of course, he couldn't get any help from them. A mountainous wave almost crippled the pilot. The smell of the sputtering rum partly blinded me. The arms of most of us were so tired that together with our general condition we could scarcely wield the axes or tend to the pumps. We were certainly in a pretty bad plight. At this time the second mate and I were the only ones strictly sober. We were throwing the empty casks or parts of them overboard. As we were about to heave one over, feeling it heavy, we looked to see what was the matter and found a sailor, an old Swede, in the bottom of it. He was so drunk we had to lift him out.

And then the storm abated. Soon the sea went down. Towards evening calm reigned and at night we had the most beautiful weather. The second mate poured pails full of water over some of the drunken sailors which brought most of them to. Tired as we were we now pumped out the ship. No leak was found at all. All the water had gone into the ship from a hole in the deck. In the morning we rigged out three small masts and instead of a brig, we had a three-masted ship. We were fortunate in having a fair wind. Several times we had to ask passing vessels for water. In about five weeks we arrived at New York's quarantine station. Since I could not speak much English and had lent nearly all my money to the sailors, I thought it best in order to get my loan back, to go with the ship to Middleton, where the sailors were to be paid

off. We got a steamboat to tow us past New York to Hell-gate. It was a beautiful view. So many gardens and villas and ships without end! When we had passed the city we sailed for three more days up Long Island Sound before we came to the mouth of the Connecticut River. Here some earnest work began. The wind was against us and we had no sails with which to tack. We had to pull the ship upstream along the bank of the river. And we could scarcely work on account of trees. We sometimes had to wade in the water up to our necks. If the water was too deep we had to warp up. After having done this for about thirty miles, we arrived at the town. Although I was almost exhausted I could not help noticing that the scenery up the river was beautiful. A myriad of what seemed to me to be fireflies, danced around the trees and filled the woods with a fascinating light. I was puzzled to know just what sort of insects they were.

Almost immediately after our arrival, the sailors went ashore and got their pay, and although I kept close I could not get the money which they had borrowed from me. They started for drinking places, inviting me to come along. When I asked for the repayment of my loan, they laughed. Soon they were drunk. How lucky I felt not to have taken more of my father's money.

I went into a field and stretched out under a tree. The scenery was almost like that at home. The fields were fenced; the same sort of grain seemed to be growing, and certainly the sky looked the same; but I was far from the dear old home. I had no friends not even acquaintances, and suddenly I felt so unhappy, that I cried like a heartbroken child. When I had cried myself out, I got up and went back to town to find the boat. I saw some of the sailors who had remained sober. They were about to start for New York in a steamboat. But when I looked, my bag was gone. For a moment I broke down again, but then suddenly laughed so loud that persons loitering near by were looking wonderingly at me. I didn't care. Wasn't I free and safe? I felt as hilarious as I would have had I gone with the sailors to the tavern. Only for a different reason.

After I calmed down I stood around for awhile not just

knowing what to do. I could speak scarcely any English and was not acquainted with a soul. Then some firecrackers burst into the air. As I found out later it happened to be the Fourth of July, the date of the United States' Declaration of Independence, a day highly celebrated in America. In Middleton there were several vessels in the river which were burning fireworks; the shooting stars dancing against the glorious sky.

As I stood admiring the display and at the same time wonder—where I should get something to eat, for I was beginning to get hungry, a man came up to me and motioned me to take him out to one of the vessels for which service he offered to give me a dollar. I was glad I went, for the boat belonging to the brig took him out and I got my dollar.

I went into town trying to find some place to lodge. By luck I met an old German, or rather, he met me. My bearing, he said, indicated to him that I was a landsman. After some little general talk he told me I could stay with him for two dollars a week. He took me to his home, quite an elegant house with furnishings like those of the manor house at home. Of course I was introduced to his family. After I had some food I told him leisurely what had happened to me and that I did not know what to do for a living. He told me not to worry and assured me he would get something for me to do. Next morning he got me a job with a brickmason, who hired me to hand him bricks for a dollar a day. After that I had many different jobs. Once I helped to dig a cellar for a druggist; another time I raked hay, and once, when all other jobs gave out, I went to the master of the brig, Mr. Alsop, who procured some work for me. I remember one job was picking cherries. The family I lived with were nice people and I was very comfortable. Right outside of my window stood two cherry trees. Of this delicious fruit I could eat all I wanted. Flowers, colorful and in abundance, the names of none of which I know, but sweet smelling, filled my room in the morning with a delicious heaviness. Birds, the like of which I had never seen and beautiful to look at, sang gayly outside my window. Happy and carefree they were. Evenings when I was lying in bed, a concert would burst forth from birds or insects, I did not know which, lulling me into a sound sleep.

Sundays I spent in the woods. The others of the household went to church and frowned at me for not joining them. I did not go, because I could not understand anything the preacher said. To me the majestic forest sometimes filled with symphony, at other times with deep silence, was as impressive and inspiring as any church gathering.

The people of the town, to all outward appearances, were very religious, much more so than were people at home. I wondered, too, at the slight differences between the people. Rich and poor seemed to be of one class; associating with one another in perfect equality. I was thrifty and was soon comfortably off. It would have been just as well for me if I had stayed, but a foolish restlessness got hold of me. I got tired of the quiet life on land and longed to go to sea again.

Mr. Alsop, who spoke some German, said he wanted me as a second mate on his brig as soon as he could start out again. In the meantime he was willing to employ me. But no, I decided I had to go and see other places. I hired out to the schooner WACCAMAN for sixteen dollars a month, going from Middleton with stones for Old Point Comfort, a fort on Chesapeake Bay. First we had to go up the river to a place called Haddam, where we loaded the stones. I went on board and we started the same day. It was beautiful going up the river. Mountains and valleys, grainfields, orchards, clean and substantial farmhouses, such as were unknown in Hanover, beautiful and sometimes majestic trees, many of which, such as the chestnuts, were of the same kind as those we had at home. Haddam, itself, was only a small village surrounded by huts. It had several shipyards. While we were stopping I went into the forest, which resembled one at home very much except that here the birds had ever so much more brilliant plumage. Here I saw my first squirrels, and tried to catch one, but they were too quick. When we were loaded we went down to the river and arrived without mishap, at Chesapeake Bay. We anchored at a fort named Risp Rasp, but we could not unload there, so we had to sail to another fort directly opposite, built on a point of sand, and more than a mile in circumference.

The country here in Virginia is very flat and sandy, and is

mostly covered with pine woods. One Sunday I walked to a little town called North Hampton, where I saw a beautiful apple orchard. It was July but already the apples were ripe. I wanted some, so I thought I would go in and steal a few, an act in which I succeeded but as I started to go away, an old black woman came from the house with two large dogs and set them on me. I ran till I was exhausted but was lucky to get over the fence to the road before they could get me. On the way back I found a tree of wild cherries but when I attempted to pick some I found I could not endure the mosquitoes. They nearly ate me up. When we unloaded we were to go to Norfolk for a load of stones, but as the cholera was raging there, none of the crew except the mate and myself would go. We had to take the vessel there alone. It was only five miles, and the wind was good, and we got there all right. Norfolk was a little, irregular, unhealthy town, surrounded by a swamp and pine woods. I bought an English grammar for fifty cents. A blue shirt, with suspenders, cost me a dollar and sixteen cents. For fishing line and thread, I paid thirty-one cents. The cholera was the cause of the death of a number of people while we were there. I thought once I had this plague myself. For over eight days I had terrible diarrhea. I could scarcely stand on my feet and often seemed dizzy.

During this enforced stay, my thoughts dwelt on my parents and my sister. What had become of them? I became melancholy. Finally I made up my mind to sit down and write a long letter. I addressed this to the pastor, whom I have mentioned once before, knowing he would seek out my relatives and tell them about my lucky escape and good fortune. While I was nearly crazed with anxiety for news from home, I thought it prudent as yet not to give an address. I was sure that I deserved some punishment for my deed and I made myself believe that not being able to get information about my relatives, was sufficient torture for me. At the same time I pictured the joy my letter would create when read to my dear ones.

From Norfolk a canal runs through the great dismal swamp to North Carolina. In the city there is one of the United States' arsenals. We lay there only one week, got a

new crew, and went to Falmouth, a town in Massachusetts, where the vessel belonged. In about eight days we arrived at a little place called Elizabeth Islands where we had to lay in quarantine because we came from the cholera region. We had a good time fishing and exploring the little islands. It was quite pretty here. Masses of wild grapes were growing everywhere. Strange it seemed to me, that grapes could grow here, for it was so much colder in winter than at home. When we got out of the quarantine we sailed to our destination. Falmouth is a small place, and only a few vessels belong there. I saw many fruit orchards of apples and peaches. One day I wanted to taste some of them. I saw a boy shaking down some apples. I asked him to give me a few but instead of doing so, he set up a howl and ran away. I climbed the fence and picked up as many as I could carry and left without being molested. On the way back I passed a pond in which I saw a good many turtles, but as soon as I got closer they dived and disappeared.

After we had unloaded, the captain left the vessel in charge of a mate to take care of it. I did not like him and therefore did not go with him. As there was no other vessel at that place to which I could hire myself out, I went as a passenger with a steamboat to New Bedford. I intended to go to sea again immediately. However, when I went into town, I saw a bookshop and bought a lot of pleasure books, for three dollars and twenty-five cents one named PEREGRINE PICKLE, By SWIFT¹. For the moment I liked New Bedford so well that instead of going to sea, I hired a room, in order that I could read as much as I wished. I bought a belt and knife for sixty-seven cents and threw away a dollar and five cents on sweets, etc. I stayed at this town ten days. I did not do anything but read, eat, sleep, and go out and gather blueberries. My largest expense was for apples, of which I ate many. At one time I bought sixty-three cents worth. I had a good deal of money and intended to save some. I knew no better way than to put it in the bank there. I deposited sixteen dollars in it, and the next time I came to New Bedford, forty dollars more. I did not get a receipt for my money and I have never been there since, so God only knows whether or not I shall ever see the fifty-six dollars again. In the mean-

¹Many German editions of this work were available. Trans.

time I had read my books, seen the town, and began to think of going away. First I thought of hiring myself to a whaling vessel. There are a great many that belong here, but as they usually run about three years, I was afraid that would be too long, and therefore I hired out to the schooner, THE THREE SISTERS, going to Baltimore, where we arrived after six days sail.

Baltimore is situated two hundred miles up the Chesapeake by the river, Patapsco. It is a large and handsome town. There are many splendid buildings, especially the United States' bank, no stone of which weighs less than two tons. Washington's monument, with his figure at the top, is colossal. From the roof there is a most beautiful view. It cost twelve cents to go up. In Baltimore I got acquainted with an old ship captain, Stevens, who took me home to his family. My lodgings cost me three dollars a week. For a haircut I paid nine cents.

I liked the family with which I stayed very much, especially one of the daughters. She was beautiful and unlike the girls at home. The family was Catholic and came near making me one too. I went to church with them every evening, dipped my fingers in the holy water, and looked very piously at the Catholic priests who were about at the altar. One time I came pretty near getting into trouble. It was St. Patrick's Day, which was turned into a great feast day. I went with the family. I saw they all had prayer books, except myself. To hide my confusion I took out of my pocket a volume by Smollett which I happened to have with me, and looked into it. But no sooner had I opened the volume than the captain's wife noticed that it was not a prayer book. When we came home, I got a severe lecture on which they elaborated when they found out what kind of a book it was. Reading novels of this sort, they considered one of the greatest of sins. The result was that I bought next day a Catholic Hymn book for fifty cents. Later I learned that the family was not so scrupulously honest themselves, for some tools I left with them, I never got back. However, I kept on visiting them while I was in Baltimore, mainly, I suppose, on account of the girl. In this city I saw a railroad which ran to Frederickston. Horses were used to pull the train.

From Baltimore I hired myself to a vessel going to Boston. This was the prettiest town I had seen up to that time in America. But the immediate surroundings looked barren as nearly all the timber surrounding the town had been cut down. Here the first battle of the Revolution was fought. Later, a monument was raised on Bunker's Hill, which I also saw the last time I was in Boston. To me the streets and buildings were grand. I heard much talk about the beautiful, public gardens, but when I saw them, I was very much disappointed, as the garden consisted only of a large lawn with a few trees.

On the way back from Boston we landed at New Bedford where I put my money in the bank I already have spoken of. Soon after I went to sea again. One day in the Chesapeake we were becalmed and the captain ordered us to scrape the masts. I would not do it with my own knife as I knew it would be ruined with such work. The skipper got angry and scolded me. The more he bellowed, the madder he got, and at last picked up a handspike, with which he threatened to strike me. I thought I had listened long enough. My temper was aroused, too. I grabbed the cook's axe and told him if he dared to come nearer, I would strike him on the head. He put down the ugly spike and everything was all right again. I told him, however, that I would leave him as soon as we got to Baltimore. When we arrived there, I asked him for my pay, but he would not listen to my threat of leaving him, telling me I was a good sailor and begging me to stay. But I was determined and he had to pay me. I went to a lodging house, as I intended to stay in Baltimore until after Christmas. I did not think the inhabitants of Baltimore kept Christmas day in nearly as holy a fashion as they keep an ordinary Sunday. The ones I saw didn't even go to Church. To me it seemed a day on which people loved to get drunk. I went to the theater that night at a cost to me of twenty-five cents, and saw Hamlet, but I thought it was played very poorly; however, it is possible that the actors had over imbibed. On another day I paid only twelve cents for a ticket. Here I also visited a menagerie, which I thought was fine. The admission was twenty-five cents. There were six lions, three to a cage, and their keeper went in and played with them! There was a rhinoceros, probably the ugliest animal in the world. I bought a shirt for a

dollar and twenty-five cents. A pair of shoes cost me two dollars and twenty-five cents.

While I was in this city, I went to a Methodist prayer meeting and I truly believed that there were people almost crazy. All wanted to talk and pray at the same time, and this made such a racket that it seemed rather terrible to me. What a curious idea about God and religion!

When I was tired of Baltimore, I hired out to the brig, NORTH, going to New York. Getting aboard, I found there was nobody around. When the sailors finally came, they were so drunk that in order to keep them on board, the brig had to pull out into midstream. The next morning when we were supposed to sail, some had delirium tremens, probably—I was told—because they had had to stop drinking too suddenly. A few were fairly desperate and we had to lay in wait two whole days until the sailors were well enough to work. We anchored a few days at Hampton Roads and went ashore to shoot birds. Amongst others there were a great many cardinals, very beautiful in fiery red colors. We saw men fishing with a net eight hundred feet long, and they had to use many oxen to pull it ashore. I got acquainted with oysters to which I took a liking because they tasted good to me. They were plentiful here. In an hour's time we raked up a boat full. What feasts we had!

We arrived in New York all right. This is the largest city in America. The streets are very irregular, but now they are being straightened out in a strange manner. Whole buildings are moved by steam power. I saw not more than four men move a two-story brick house, ten feet back. The city is built on Manhattan Island and the entrances are very strongly fortified. On the other side of the sound, is situated Brooklyn, also a rather large town. There are several lovely parks in New York, among others, Castle Gardens, where I saw a balloon ascend. When the bag was about to go up, the basket holding the man, hit against a flagpole. It turned over, but he hung on by his legs. To get free he had to get his knife out of his pocket and cut something loose. To do this he had to hang on by his teeth. The flagpole broke, but he managed to turn his basket, get into it and fly away. However, he had to go down

on the other side of the river for repairs. I went to the theater in New York and saw VIRGINIA. The scenery was most beautiful and I enjoyed myself very much.

We came back in due time to Baltimore. I got tired of these small, unimpressive trips, and I felt like making a longer voyage, so I hired out to the ship, ANN McKEAN, to go to VALPARAISO.

We sailed from Baltimore in the latter part of January. Practically the whole journey was made as monotonous sailing, only now and then broken up by a minor storm. We sighted many a shoal of fish. The fins of a shark could be seen occasionally. We caught some. The sight of another ship was quite an event on a long voyage. Getting farther south, we witnessed a large school of flying fish, a beautiful sight. Sometimes a whole school of these inhabitants of the ocean would appear and when the sun shone on their glistening bodies, it was an unforgettable event. I have often seen the Dolphins pursue them and it was remarkable how they almost always caught the flying fish, although the latter were very swift.

The first land we sighted after two month's sail was the FIRE ISLAND, north of Cape Horn. We steered so far south of the cape, we did not see this famous landmark at all. We saw no other land after we arrived at Valparaiso. We anchored half a mile from the town, as we could not get any closer with the ship. I did not go ashore. The town lies at the end of a bay on a very steep rock and looks very irregular and I thought rather ugly. There was scarcely a tree to be seen; nothing but rocks. The people looked ragged and treacherous, like all the Spaniards and Portuguese I have seen. There was an abundance of splendid oranges and grapes. We heard nothing but church bells ringing and fireworks were burned day and night outside of the churches. We loaded with copper and sailed away after three weeks. We arrived in Baltimore after a rare, fine voyage; but south of Cape Horn the weather was cold and stormy. The day after we were paid off, three of us hired out to the schooner, ROBERT, starting on a trading trip to the Coast of Colombia. We had only a few days on shore, and as we had a good deal of money we meant to have a good time and get rid of it. We lived fast, hired car-

riages, went to the theater and did other things which were perhaps disreputable. Baltimore was a town where one could indulge in any kind of amusement and dissipation.

On the last day we made arrangements with four girls, two of them our landlord's daughters—to make a trip to a little town called Ellicott's Mills, about ten miles from Baltimore. I presented my girl with a comb and mirror which cost me fifty cents. We hired two carriages. They cost two dollars and fifty cents. It was a very pretty drive, especially because of the gardens, which were the most beautiful I had so far seen in America. We had a very fine dinner. I paid for the cakes and rum at a cost of four dollars and eight cents. In the meantime one of the fellows had done too much drinking. Coming home he proposed to one of the girls and insisted that they should be married the same night. The rest of us thought it would be fine to go to a wedding, and urged him all we could. I went for the license which cost two dollars and another went for the parson. While we were gone, the groom had drunk still more and was so befuddled, he could hardly stand up. The couple was married while I stood and held him up. We then bought some cake and wine, got hold of a fiddler and danced merrily. The man was now so drunk, we had to put him to bed. The next morning at six o'clock, a message came for us to go aboard. We went up to get the married man, Tom, but he was sound asleep. Finally we succeeded in waking him up. He was very much surprised to find he had a wife. He could not recollect at all that he had been married. But nothing would do. We were sober now and felt sorry. No harm was done to the girl and we felt we had to go. Along he came. He did not get home until two years later. I have since met him in Baltimore, and he was living very happily with the wife he got without knowing it.

I put down here some of the expenses I had. At various times I bought books costing altogether six dollars, and forty-three cents of such money I spent foolishly; twenty cents for a dreambook and thirty cents for a hymn book, but Buffon's Natural History pleased me very much. For Miss Stevens I bought a ring for a dollar and a half, and two silk handkerchiefs for a dollar and eighty-seven cents. I bought a gun for

six dollars and another knife for thirty-two cents. Woolen gloves I got for twenty-five cents. Every week I bought a peck of apples. For a pound of grapes I had to pay fifty cents, which I thought much too much. But all this can be verified in my account book wherein also are listed many small sums which I loaned out but failed to get back. I don't remember a single instance of anybody returning a loan, and still I kept on giving money away when I was asked for some.

We sailed away from the town, but anchored a few miles down the bay. We had had a taste of land now, and were not anxious to go to sea. Tom wanted to go home to his wife, so we determined we would steal away at night, but as our boat was hoisted on deck, Tom was, as soon as it got dark, to swim over to another ship, the yawl of which was in the water, take it and bring it to us, so we all could go ashore. When we got there, he was discovered. Sailors called out to him, and he had to give up and swim back again. The next morning we went away. The weather was bad and the provisions not as good as they should have been. We were all pretty cross. On top of it all we had a great ass for a cook who never could get the meals ready on time, so we lost a great deal of our spare time on account of him. One day I had waited almost two hours for him, and I commenced scolding him about his incompetence. Since he talked back in filthy language, we quarreled and ended up in a fight. I got him down behind the chicken coop and began to whip him. In the midst of it, the mate came running and struck me on the head with a piece of wood. At this time, luckily the rest of the crew appeared and held him. But now the captain came. He took, of course, the part of the mate. At that we had quite a scrimmage in which the crew won the victory. After a while, we made up and everything was all right again.

We sailed now in among the BAHAMA ISLANDS, a few very low islands overgrown with bushes. During eight days we sailed between Cuba, Santa Domingo, and Jamaica, very irregular mountainous islands which looked very beautiful. Everywhere they seemed to be overgrown with green trees. We steered towards the BLUE FIELD RIVER. Here lived a great many Indians and Negroes with whom the captain meant

to trade. Through an Indian who worked for him he got a chance to unload his tobacco and rum, which the Spanish government would not permit to be imported.

On the morning of the eighteenth of August, we saw the BLUE FIELD'S BLUFF, but the wind was from the land and the current from the river was so strong that we could not enter. We ran down the coast to ST. JOHN'S RIVER, where lived an Englishman by the name of Shepard, with whom we later had difficulties. This man ruled the coast like a king. The Indians were fond of him and the Spaniards were afraid. He had an agreement with armed vessels which smuggled right under the eyes of the authorities, an indication of the weakness of the Colombian government unless it was that Shepard had bribed those engaged supposedly in upholding the laws. This Englishman had almost all the trade to himself and therefore it was a thorn in his side to see us in this region.

The country is very flat and is almost inundated in the rainy season. The vegetation is abundant and the trees grow out into the sea. Especially the curious mangrove trees, which grow everywhere by the water. When I went ashore I saw alligators for the first time in my life. They lay in the mud, sunning themselves, but as soon as any of us got near them, they slid into the water. Some times they lay quietly on a big log and floated in the river so well concealed that it was almost impossible to know of their existence. We bought from an Indian, for a knife and a few biscuits, a turtle which weighed two hundred pounds. It yielded at least a peck of yellow eggs which looked like hen's eggs, but tasted pretty dry. It was ugly work killing the turtle for she was slow in dying. The head kept on gaping for over an hour after it was cut off. We treated the meat like beef and it tasted a good deal like it. However, we soon tired of it, but perhaps this was due to the fact that we had so much. I felt like protesting when more came aboard. The meat had given me quite a case of diarrhea. By the time we got used to it, some of us were nearly dead from its effects. At this landing I saw my first Indians. They had the color of copper, were finely shaped, and their heads were covered with long, stiff hair. They went about almost naked,

wearing only a loin cloth, and looked very savage. They had their bows and arrows with them in the boat. The bow was made of some tough, black wood; the arrow points came from the same tree and were said to be poisoned. These natives also had a kind of spear which they used to strike at fish. There was a line made fast to one end of this weapon and they could hit the fish with it deep under water, which here was very clear. Shepard was not at home so the captain could not see him. We went away the next morning. When we came out in to the open water, it was so calm, we had to wait the whole day to get away from land. At last the land wind came and we sailed down the coast and arrived at Boca del Toro. Here there lived a good many white people. It rained nearly the whole time, yet they said it was the dry season. God knows what it must be in a wet spell. Nobody can understand a rain like the one we witnessed without seeing it. In a moment all the boats were filled with water and it poured so hard and incessantly, we could scarcely breathe. That evening we came in amongst the islands around Boca del Toro and anchored a few miles from the town. At night we had the most fearful thunderstorm I was ever in. The next morning was calm and we went ashore to look at the Indians. Most of the natives on this island have intermarried with the Negroes. Their huts are built of palmettos on top of wooden pilings. A few pots and pans make up their wealth. They have no furniture. The men lie and swing in their hammocks all day long, unless they go hunting or fishing. The women do all the work in the house and raise plantains and sweet potatoes. Fried plantains are a substitute for bread. When this fruit is ripe it tastes very good in a raw state. The sweet potato is a running vine and looks like a canvolvulus and has, like that plant, white flowers. Parrots and humming birds and other brilliant feathered birds were there in great abundance. One, especially beautiful, was a white crane with red legs. Lemons and tamarind trees were plentiful, also wild pineapples. During the day we sailed in among the islands and at night came into town, which, except for the Indian huts consisted of wooden houses. Here we met the captain's brother, who owned a schooner in which he continually ran up and down the coast. He sold

merchandise brought from America. He bought some from us. The next day we sailed to a place called North Bluefields, where he had a little house. A Spaniard lived near by who did the trading for him. The house was situated in a bay surrounded by high cliffs. No other huts were in sight. But no sooner had we anchored than he took a horn and blew it with a deafening blast. In an incredibly short while Indians from all directions came arriving in their canoes, and in an hour's time there was a whole fleet alongside us. Now began our first trade with the Indians. They brought turtle shells, pigs, chickens, parrots and monkeys on board. For these goods they received knives, beads, mirrors and other little things, but especially rum and tobacco. We gave them the rum first, for the captain said, when we got them drunk he could cheat them better. But he succeeded in his idea only too well this time, for the Indians made such a racket that we had to get guns loaded with blank cartridges and shoot at them, hoping to sober them somewhat, so that they would behave. But this did not help. We had to put down our weapons and we began to throw them overboard, men, women and children alike, as they first came to hand. They all could swim like fish and soon scrambled up into their canoes. To me it was very strange that they did not try to fight us. When we had a good many overboard, the others sobered rather quickly. They quieted down and we closed the trade in mutual contentment. Some such sort of performance was gone through every time we came near shore on the Mosquito Coast. Further south the natives were more sober, but stole like ravens anything which was loose. In San Blas only could we leave everything openly exposed.

We hid all our tobacco and rum in a little hut in the woods in a well concealed cache while we went to Portobello, to get permission from the Spanish government to trade on the coast. We arrived there two days later. This town has a splendid harbor but is said to be extremely unhealthy. It used to be a booming town but now the fort and nearly all the best buildings appeared as ruins. The streets were very filthy. Dead dogs and horses were lying in the middle of the thoroughfares and if it had not been for the uncountable buzzards running

around—looking like turkeys—it would have been impossible to live there at all. Here I came upon the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, although their complexions were a little brown. Their dark eyes and masses of hair made a gorgeous sight. On Sunday they all wore on their heads wreaths of flowers which looked ravishing against their black hair. The faces of the men were the ugliest and weakest I have ever seen. Portobello is a town of the greatest immorality, as are most of the Colombian cities. We had some pretty unsavory adventures.

The ruins were good places for lizards. Some I saw here were from two to three feet long and brilliant in kaleidoscopic colors when the sun shone on them. Later we used them for food and found they tasted like chicken. Here the lizards were called guanas. After having received our permit, we sailed out at night with the wind from shore. During the day it had blown from the sea, but night brought always a shore wind. We were now going to Bluefield's River where heretofore we had not been able to land. On our way we stopped at the shore and located our cache. We got our tobacco and rum aboard. When we came to the river the sea wind was blowing hard and we sailed in without any trouble. We anchored two miles from the town, which was as far as we could get on account of the shallow water. It rained and was so foggy we could scarcely see the town at all. There was aboard only one black boy, who had been in the port before. A sailor and I took him with us in a boat to pilot us to the town, so we could let the people know we had arrived. We started after dinner in order that we could stay all night and come back the next morning. At last we thought we must have rowed more than two miles, but the boy who was supposed to be our guide, assured us we were not there yet. We rowed on until it began to get dark, and then we knew we were lost. The mosquitoes and flies threatened to eat us up. We were afraid to drift down the river in the dark as a strong current might easily send us against a sunken log and upset the boat. Neither did we dare to make fast to a tree and stay all night for fear of the many alligators we saw swimming about. In the woods the monkeys kept up a steadily screaming chorus. At times

we heard jaguars of which, the guide told us, there were many around. While we were holding council, considering what to do under the circumstances, we came to a log standing in the water. We tied to it and made up our minds to stay until the next morning. Sleep was not to be thought of. Rain poured down and the mosquitoes were well able to keep us awake. Occasionally the monkeys screamed shrilly, almost frightening us to death. We suddenly felt relieved when the dawn came, and as soon as we could see, we drifted down to the ship, where we arrived worn out and starved.

When we had revived a little, we had to go out again, but this time the captain went with us and sure enough we got to the town all right, although it was evening before we arrived. Here the captain owned a house built of lumber. This was the place where his trader lived. We stayed all night. The next morning we went out to see the place, which looked like other towns we had seen lately. Mostly negroes with only a few whites lived there. Mangrove trees filled the whole river bank, and where the limbs hung down in the water, they were full of oysters. I can truthfully say that I have plucked oysters from trees. We found out here that Shepard had advised the Mosquito King to ask toll from the American vessels which traded on his coast. In consequence we could not sell our merchandise as cheaply as he was able to supply it. Captain Knapp was angry and unknowingly within hearing of the Indians, began to revile the king and say: "If the bastard comes on board of my vessel, I will take him to New Orleans and sell him as a slave!" Of course, he meant none of this. It was more or less said as one utters an oath to get relief because obstacles are in the way. After lying there for a few more days we sailed over to two small islands where we had to take in some provisions. They were beautiful and very fertile. Several whites lived there. One of them wanted to buy the black boy we had with us. He bid three hundred dollars for him and advised us to tell the captain that the boy had run away from us. The boy stood and listened to the conversation and howled as though he had been whipped. Of course the trade was not made. But Captain Knapp would not let him go with us ashore again. When we had taken in all the hogs

and poultry we needed, we sailed down the Mosquito Coast again. We anchored in a place called LANDBYBAY. We blew our horn but nobody came. We thought this strange and repeated again and again the loudest sounds it was possible to make. At last a single Indian came out in his canoe. He could speak English and told us the King had been informed as to what Knapp had said about him. The natives were forbidden to trade with us and he threatened to burn the ship if he could get a chance. He certainly would make war upon us if we tried to land.

This was bad news. The captain recognized his blunder and tried to figure a way out of his dilemma. The only way to reconcile the king again was to send him a message of good will accompanied by some presents.

We sailed on to CAPE GRACIASO DIAS, the nearest place to the habitation of the king. Being prepared for the worst, we loaded the only cannon we had with a few old muskets and ran in and cast anchor. The king lived some eighteen miles up a little stream called WANG RIVER. Now developed the problem as to who should go to him. The captain being an old man, could not get along without his mate, so the latter was out of question. I was the only other of the crew who could write, and so the commission was put up to me. The captain succeeded in hiring six Indians and a long canoe. The purpose of the trip was explained to them and they were told to row me up the river. Although I was alone with six natives with whom I could not converse and who, for all I knew, might be very hostile and ready to do away with me, I felt light-hearted. Nor did I think the mission particularly dangerous, mainly I suppose because I had never met with either treacherous or unfriendly people. After many weary hours we arrived, it being by now almost dark. I was led before the king who was stern and reserved. His outward appearance did not impress me very much. His slovenly dress was apparently made up of garments discarded by foreigners. He conversed in low tones with the Indians and as the message of apology was read to him, his face changed and I could see he was going to be friendly. I was wondering if the removal of the infamous threat of selling him as a slave was not a great

relief to him. He looked at the presents and instantly, I was heartily welcomed. An Indian who spoke English fairly well led me to a hut already occupied by a squaw and a lovely looking maiden. He told me in his way to make myself comfortable. A little later he would call for me as there would be a feast and in the morning I was to go back with trading permission granted without any payment for the privilege being required. I sank down on a bed made of leaves and felt greatly relieved.

It was a glorious meal to which I sat down later. The king seemed to feel very happy and much hilarity was going on of which I understood nothing. They had some sort of a drink which certainly went to my head. With some dizziness I went to my hut and to sleep. Some hours later I awoke to find an unclad maiden clinging to my body. Bewildered, I listened to the strange words coming from her lips. Were they interesting? They sounded inviting, and as I felt her breath on my face, my fingers touched an ebony skin so cool as to contrast perceptibly with a fire which seemed to rage within her. But I refrained from any closer contact. What she thought of my behaviour, I don't know. My emotions were too disturbed. Soon she left me alone and I fell again into a deep, heavy sleep. Next morning we rowed back. Downstream the canoe raced quickly. The captain much worried over my long absence was genuinely relieved on seeing me. When appraised of the success of my mission, he treated the natives, who brought me back, with extreme cordiality. We did much profitable trading during the next few days. And on starlit nights I dreamed of an Indian princess.

A few days later we ran into CHAGRES. This town looked to me like Portobello but was less dilapidated. We engaged in a little more trade with the natives in the back country as a small river goes up inland, navigable for about ten miles. Through this body of water goes all the trade of Panama. I was told in previous days that the trade went overland by Portobello. We went up the river with our boat, as we had to bring up some flour and soap for Panama. I was told in that country one always went with his life in his hands and had to be very careful not to offend the Spaniards. They

seemed to hold the life of a man as of no more value than that of a snake. They always had long knives with them and were ready to stab anyone on the least provocation.

From Chagres we sailed to San Blass to take aboard coconuts. San Blass consists of a lot of small islands overgrown with cocoanut trees. Some Indians live there in the dry season, but when the rainy season begins they go back to the mainland where they also have dwellings. These Indians were very stubborn and the Spaniards had never been able to conquer them. They permitted no one to gather coconuts from the islands. About a year before our sojourn they had killed sixteen Spaniards who had gone after some of their nuts. Their skeletons were still lying bleaching on one of the islands. To me these natives did not appear as handsome as the Mosquito Indians, but they were much more clean and honest. I was told they never stole. They were very jealous of their wives but the latter had better times than the Mosquito squaws, for they did no work other than cooking. For the rest of the day they seemed always to be sitting, mirror in hand, painting their faces red and yellow. I was with them a great deal of my time but I never saw them engaged in any religious ceremonies. One of them, John Bull, seemed to be the leader. He could sit for long hours and speak with an astonishing rapidity while the rest would listen very intently. One of his subjects, who spoke English and who later went with us to America, explained that he was only talking about the coconuts they would gather until we returned for them. Apparently they had no names except the ones the incoming traders gave them. When one asked one of them his name, he always replied, "Pennigoa Baica," which meant: Indian. The one we took with us and, who later on, was baptized in Baltimore, said he had no other name than Peter.

We rode up a small stream called SUGA RIVER to get drinking water. Both banks of this body of water were covered with great banana plantations. I never saw so many parrots and Pepper birds. Here there were also a great many doves with fantastic heads and tails. When we had taken in water, we commissioned John Bull to prepare for us a load of

cocoanuts for the latter part of December, when we would call for them.

From there we went to an island named St. Andrews, a small islet overgrown with weeds. A great many Englishmen lived there. The island belongs to Colombia. We stayed only one day at this place, and after procuring some tobacco, we proceeded to OLD PROVIDENCE, a somewhat larger island lying west of St. Andrews. This is a beautiful, mountainous place with a most agreeable climate. All sorts of tropical fruits grow there, wild, of course, but in great abundance. We went ashore to pick some. I climbed up a tree of alligator pears, but before I got any, discovered a large wasp's nest. I could not get down quickly enough to save myself from being stung on the hand. It hurt pretty badly. In order to keep from being stung again, I let myself fall out of the tree but fortunately I did not hurt myself. I got up on my feet and ran as fast as I could, but even so I was stung a few times more before I could get away from the swarm.

After having sold a quantity of different goods, we went again to the Mosquito Coast. We bought some turtle shells but wanted more. To get them, we had to sail to some small islands called MOSQUITO CAYS, about ten miles from the coast. Here the Indians went out with us to catch the turtles which they would lie watching for all night. The turtles would come to the sand to lay their eggs, and the Indians would simply turn the turtles over on their backs thus preventing them from getting away. The natives took only the outer shell, then let them go. The meat of these turtles does not taste good. In about three years the outer shell grows on again.

There was not a tree on the islets, which were so flat that they could not be seen until one was right on the soil. We went ashore on one. Never had I seen so many different sea gulls. It was almost impossible to set a foot down without stepping on a nest and it was impossible to throw a stone without hitting some birds. We broke some eggs but found they had young ones in them, so we moved the old eggs away. We cleared a space a few yards square and went away. In a

few hours we came back and gathered about two hundred newly laid eggs in the small place we had prepared. We sailed up and down the coasts for about a month, entering many rivers whose names I cannot now remember, and finally went into NORTH BLUEFIELD to have some copper plates put on the ship before we sailed home. From Corn Island we brought thirty hogs which the captain wanted to give to the Spaniard who traded for him, so that in the future he could get all his hogs from his own place. They were put in a pen near the water but every night an alligator came and took one of them. We could make the pen as strong as possible yet the beast would gnaw through and take his pig. I think there were only two alligators, one a very big one, the other small. The little one came up too far on shore one day and the Indians got to him and killed the ugly brute, which was about eight feet long and had teeth at least an inch in size, setting somewhat apart one from another. These teeth could bite a rope in two. The big alligator was often a target for us, but even if we hit him, we could not hurt his tough hide. We did get pretty close to the beast by causing the pig to squeal. In the meantime a hog disappeared every night and finally Captain Knapp asked me to watch the next night and shoot the brute in the eye should it come up. It promised to be a nice job. I loaded an old musket with two balls and sat in the door of the Spaniard's house, which was close to the pigpen. Waiting there a couple of hours I must finally have gone to sleep but woke up when I heard the pig squeal. I now saw the alligator about to dig himself in to get one of the pigs. In my first fright, I rushed into the house and slammed the door. When I ventured out again the alligator was gone. Apparently it was frightened by the noise of the slamming door. I shot my gun off into the water and very brazenly told them the next morning that I had killed the alligator. I was almost ready to believe this myself, as we did not see the animal for four days, but to my great humiliation, on the fifth day, he appeared again.

After the ship was repaired, and we had taken in our ballast, we left the rest of our load with the Spaniard to trade for us while the Captain was in America. We went down to

San Blass to get our contract for cocoanuts, and from there intended to sail to Baltimore. On the way we caught in a net which we let fall over him, the largest shark I have ever seen, after having coaxed this sea giant alongside the ship with a piece of meat. The shark was so large and so heavy we could not hoist him aboard so we cut off his tail and let him go.

John Bull at San Blass had cocoanuts enough to fully load us. He had kept very correct account by cutting a mark in a stick for every ten squares. It seemed none of the islanders could count more than ten. The Indians themselves brought the nuts on board, so we had nothing to do but spend our time on shore for two days amusing ourselves in various ways. We tried to shoot fish but very rarely hit one. We caught an ape, and I tasted monkey for the first time. This was considered a great delicacy among the Indians. It was perfectly white. We scalded and scraped the animal as we would a pig. It looked exactly like a little child but it did taste good. I also saw two white Indians, a woman and a child. They were milkwhite, had white hair and eyelashes and no color whatsoever in their cheeks. They were born white. In St. Croix I also saw a white Negro and several spotted ones but sickness was the cause of that condition. I shot several parrots. Amazing flocks of them were here. When prepared, they tasted fine. After five months on the coast, we started from San Blass in the middle of December. We intended to go south of Cuba to get the Gulf stream with us but when we reached it, we had a northeasterly storm with a most fearful sea, and were driven far into the Gulf of Mexico. The vessel sprung a leak, and we resolved to go into New Orleans instead of Baltimore. The third day the weather calmed a little. The captain and the boys took all the parrots and the monkeys, of which we had a great many on board on deck, to clean their cages. Into the cabin we could not go because the water was high in the ship. We were all standing in the stern eating breakfast. We had been on deck practically ever since the storm began. We thought the sea was calming down but were sadly mistaken, for as we stood merrily eating, a fearful squall came, pushed by an extraordinary wind, so that the vessel was thrown over to one side. Practically everything on

deck went overboard. We clung to whatever was nearest, but when the ship righted itself, we saw the poor monkeys and parrots swimming around in their cages. Fortunately the sea smoothed a little. Had the storm not abated, the ship would certainly have foundered. Still prepared for the worst we fastened an axe so we could, at a moment's notice, shove the masts overboard if the ship should be thrown again. To ease the boat the top sail mast had to be taken down. It fell to my lot to do this and never in my life did I have a harder task. It was almost impossible to hold fast, and since I had my shirt sleeves rolled up, there was hardly a piece of skin left on my arms after I came down. A little later the sea really calmed down and we could patch up the ship a little. In the morning we saw land and got a pilot aboard who steered us and we anchored near a little place lying at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The country here was very flat. The river seemed to have many mouths and was difficult to navigate. The channel often changed in the spring because the bottom was only soft mud.

The day after a steamship came and towed us against a five mile stream a hundred and seventy miles up the river to New Orleans in a day and a half. At the mouth the river is about a mile and a half wide. The first fifty miles or so were very low. We saw nothing but swamps, but higher up we counted many sugar plantations, protected against the water by levees. I saw many old oaks and some big cypress trees which were mostly covered with a peculiar long, green moss, which was called Spanish Beard. The people used it for mattresses instead of curly hair. It was often eight or more feet long and gave the tree a strange, and sometimes weird appearance.

As soon as we arrived in New Orleans, we went ashore and were paid off. My share amounted to about a hundred dollars. The city seemed very irregular and being on a lower level than the river the city was protected from the water by great levees. New Orleans lies five miles from Pontchartrain in the middle of a great morass, which is covered by cypress trees. The city has, I am told, about eighty thousand inhabitants. In the summer the place is very unhealthy and most of

the rich move higher up the river. At first I thought it very expensive to live there but I found day wages were also pretty high.

When I arrived the cholera was raging. Fourteen dollars a day was paid for digging graves and I made a pretty penny for myself. I heard New Orleans was a very immoral town and that Sundays were very little respected. I was told it was nothing strange to see, in the morning, murdered people lying in the streets. The inhabitants consisted of all possible nationalities though they were mostly French and Spanish. There were some Indians and a large number of negroes of such variegated shades as could probably no where else be seen. Street signs and placards were printed in both the French and English languages. There was also a little French theater. I went there once. It cost me eighty-seven cents and I did not understand a word. Since I intended to make an attempt to go home in the spring and wanted to earn some more money, I only stayed a short while in New Orleans. I went down to Lake Pontchartrain on a railroad that runs there from the town, to hire out to the steamboat WATCHMAN, the skipper of which was hunting a crew. It was the first time I had ridden on a real railroad. The locomotive pulled from twenty to thirty cars so fast that you could scarcely see anything near by. I was told the train could go still faster but as the distance was only five miles, they have to begin to stop before they get fairly well started. It was very dangerous to travel on the railroad, as the least obstacle on the track would turn the cars over. Since they went so fast accidents were frequent. There was a piece of wood fastened in front to throw things off the track but this did not always help. I once saw the train run over a cow, which could not get out of the way fast enough. The locomotive being heavy, did not topple over, but all the cars, as they struck the cow, turned over one by one, and two persons were killed. The whole road ran through cypress trees growing in the swamps. It was evening when I arrived there, and such a serenade of frogs I have never heard. The bull frogs especially, bellowed almost as loudly as oxen and often frightened me when I walked this road in the evenings. In the

spring you could hear thousands of turtle doves cooing, for they love to stay in cypress trees.

I had brought only four dollars with me, the rest I left in my trunk which stood in my lodging house. When I came to the lake, I got a job at once as mate on the WATCHMAN, which brought the mail to Mobile. The boat was supposed to make the trip in two days for which services the owner received two hundred dollars. If, on the other hand, it went around or was delayed in any manner, the skipper had to pay a hundred dollars fine. The Watchman was a handsome boat and the first steamer I had worked on. Although I received twenty-five dollars a month, I quickly got tired of my job. The boat steered very badly in shoal water and after I had stood my two hours at the helm, I could no longer move my arms when at last relieved. After having delivered the mail at Mobile on time, we started back. Unluckily, we ran aground, so we did not reach the railroad until the third day and the owners had to pay the fine. Since I was blamed I quit then and there. I received my pay and intended to go to New Orleans on the railroad, but when I put my hands in my pockets to pay my fare my purse was gone. I had to give my watch as security for a ticket. I tried in vain to get my purse back. But a still greater shock awaited me, for when I went to my lodgings, I found my trunk opened and fifty dollars gone! Nothing else had been touched. My landlord thought that this could have been done only by Tom, whose wedding we had arranged in Baltimore, and who had been my companion until I hired out to the Watchman. My host's inference seemed plausible, for after all, no one else knew that I had the money. Tom had taken hire on a steamship towing vessels up the river, and as his boat seemed to be in town, I went to the Captain and asked him if Tom had given him any money to take care of. He said yes, and admitted that amongst it was a fifty dollar bill. I explained to him that Tom had taken this bill from me and asked him not to let Tom have it back until I had spoken to him about the matter. I found my comrade and he immediately admitted the theft. He excused himself, saying that since I had been away for three days without telling anybody where I went, he had taken it for granted

somebody had murdered me. He thought he might as well have the money as the landlord. I did not want to get him into trouble so I just asked him to go with me to the captain and tell him to pay the fifty dollars over to me. He did so and the captain promised to pay me the next time he came to town, as he did not have the money with him. He owed Tom three dollars which he claimed he also didn't have. I offered to pay Tom and asked him to settle with me upon his return. This he promised. To save Tom the humiliation of going to the boarding house where everybody knew he was a thief, I paid his landlord and brought his clothes for him and saw to it that he immediately hired out to a ship sailing for the Mediterranean. I did not see Tom again until after a lapse of a year when I often visited him in his home in Baltimore. Neither of us ever mentioned the matter again. A few days later when I saw the captain and asked him for the fifty-three dollars, he said that he could not pay it to me without an order from Tom. Such an order, was, of course, impossible to get, as Tom had already sailed. I entered suit against the captain, but since I was told that it would be quite some time before the claim could be settled and I had no intention of staying in New Orleans, I had to give authority to receive payment to the landlord. Later I found out that he succeeded in his suit. But after the lawyers got their pay, twelve dollars each and eight dollars for my landlord's trouble, there was not much left for me. I was advised to sue the lawyers, but the landlord was afraid this would cost still more.

Thoroughly disgusted, I was ready to hire out on a long trip, and never see New Orleans again, when I passed through Chartres Street, where I found an old bookseller having an immense stock of reading matter for sale. The place was dirty and cluttered up in a way that I had never seen before. When I entered, an old white-haired dried-up man approached me and with a torrent of French probably tried to talk about his wares. I told him in English that I couldn't understand a word he said, and that I was looking for some English books to read. He took me into the back, where on several shelves he had English books, also some in German. They were covered to the depth of an inch with dust and the bookseller explained to

me that their condition was such because no one ever asked for English books. His trade was mainly in French and Spanish books. English books he sold only to lawyers and these men, of course, bought only what related to their profession.

While he was dusting the books, nearly choking me, he explained to me that I could have any dozen books for a dollar. I forgot myself and before I knew it, had selected four dollars worth. I am sure the bookseller thought I was crazy. My burden was a heavy one and I began to think that I had been a fool. It certainly would take me a long time to read these books and since it cost me a dollar and a half a day to stay in my lodging, I had put myself in a very impractical position. The Frenchman perceived that something was not altogether to my liking and asked me what the trouble was. When I told him about my predicament he laughed heartily and told me he knew of a very nice boarding house where I should not have to pay more than four dollars a week. To be sure it was French but I would get along all right. He wrote something on a piece of paper which he told me to give to the landlady just a few blocks around the corner. Luckily it was no further, for I had a heavy load to carry.

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It must have impressed the woman, who opened the door in a strange manner when she saw me. However, when she read the note which I handed her, she was very friendly and I got a nice room. While it was true that she was French, she spoke some English. Her husband had been Irish. She had a very beautiful daughter, whom I could not quite understand. Sometimes she seemed to be very soft and winsome; at other times when she quarreled with her mother, she was a veritable spitfire. This girl was very friendly to me and I was taken with her. Before long I found myself in love with her. I went with her to the opera at a cost of two dollars. The ballet dancing was splendid. She tried to explain to me the plot but I was fascinated by the scenery and the spectacle. One day I took her out in a carriage for which I had to pay two dollars. I also gave her presents, which usually consisted of fruit and cakes for which I paid one dollar each time. Once I was very foolish and spent eight dollars on a parasol for her. One after-

noon I was sitting near her on the balcony, which is to be found on every house in New Orleans, when sentimental feelings overcame me and I put my arm around her waist. I did so in the most gentle manner. She abruptly got up, denounced me and told me if I wanted any of that I should go to Dauphine Street, where I could get plenty of girls. I was astonished and although I excused myself she kept upbraiding me. Finally she went into the house. I certainly was bewildered. I had the most honourable intentions and had been about ready to ask her to marry me and here she was deliberately advising me to seek disorderly women. I had been under the impression that she had been attracted to me, but now I could not believe that she loved me.

This had a curious effect upon me. While I had occasionally gone with sailors into cheap cabarets and tainted myself with the coarseness of miserable women, I really did not care for that sort of thing. Now I was angry. Rejected and insulted, I took a few drinks and what did I do but go to Dauphine Street. It was not hard to find women there. They were behind the curtains of practically every window. In one house the door was slightly ajar and when I heard a voice asking me to come in, I followed the invitation. The landlady was a pleasant woman. She asked me a lot of questions. She also brought some wine which cost me fifty cents. I was feeling like a braggart and told her about my adventures. She seemed to have plenty of time to listen. I later found out that it was too early for regular business. After a while, she was perhaps no longer amused by me. She asked me if I had ever seen an octoroon. I shook my head. In a flash she called for the negro woman who had brought in the wine and told her to take me upstairs. Up I went. Here I saw a most beautiful woman wearing scarcely any clothes. But though I had seen many negro girls in less drapery, this one affected me in an entirely different manner. Her singsong voice went right through me and although I understood little I was surely under a spell, and when she caressed me, I succumbed easily.

The next morning at breakfast in my lodgings, I gave my landlady's daughter only a contemptuous glance. I went back

to my room and fiddled around with my books. But I was restless and disturbed. The afternoon found me again in Dauphine Street. The girl seemed to be happy. I asked her a lot about herself and she was willing to tell me. While she talked to me, I admired her beautiful figure passionately.

It seemed octoroon girls had but very little negro blood in their veins. Because of their extreme beauty most of these girls were very much desired by the wealthy men of New Orleans, who made them their mistresses. She told me not only young unengaged men did this but also married men. The girls were kept jealously guarded and were therefore rarely seen in the streets. Mothers of octoroons brought up their girls with scrupulous care and found, when they were mature, ways of bringing them to the notice of eligible men, at balls. Mothers knew if their girls were lucky enough to attract the attention of wealthy men, they were well provided for. This of course benefited the mothers also for she said these attachments usually lasted a lifetime. If however, by accident or design such a girl took one false step and was found out, she was not only cast out but was also ostracized by all her relatives and acquaintances.

This had happened to Delphine, for such was the name of the girl I visited. Delphine was an extraordinary girl. As long as I live, her body will be before my eyes. The proudness of her bearing, the symmetry of her figure I cannot describe. Sometimes she was very moody, at other times full of abandoned gaiety. I drank fully from the draughts of her passion and fancied she was in love with me. These visits cost me very little—often less than a dollar.

One evening I promised to take her out to some frolic. This created consternation. I was told that would never do. However, seeing my disappointed face the landlady told me if I gave her five dollars, it could be arranged. This I did. When it was dark, I slipped out with her to a place filled with negroes. They were dancing and drinking. The place was so crowded, that no one could recognize anyone else. Many of the women were very pretty. There was such a noise as I had never before heard. Since I was, I thought, the only white man

in the place, I was frightened. I bought four bottles of wine for a dollar, was cheated out of a dollar and had to give other girls two dollars. The carryings on in this place were awful. I was glad to get back. We had to go by carriage.

One night when I was in a sailor's tavern, I found some former companions there. I could not resist telling them about Delphine. When I implied that the girl was in love with me, they laughed boisterously and jollied me about my foolishness. They said that was the girls' profession. Anybody who paid them would get the same amount of ardor from them.

That night I took stock of myself. It seemed about time that I woke up. While I could not make myself believe that Delphine's passion was just a cheap imitation, I certainly had let myself in for something of which no good could come. Practically all my money was gone, my books were read and I longed for a change. Still the next day, I went. I must see Delphine. When I mounted the familiar steps and entered the house all my good resolutions vanished. Her blood was in my veins. It so happened that the landlady was not around and I went with hurried anxiety upstairs. For the first time I went unannounced into her room. There was a shock for me as great as any that ever happened in my life. She was on the bed with one of my companions in a most vulgar posture. I fled. In closing the door I heard a filthy oath coming from the man but I did not tarry.

The breeze in the street coming from the river revived me. Never was I so ashamed of myself. I raced to the docks and hired out to a little schooner. Then I went back to my lodgings, packed my things and left. My landlady's daughter was standing in the doorway. She smiled at me. "You beast," was all I said. Many a time in later years, when I thought again of this episode, I was puzzled as to why I had said this.

The schooner carried about thirty tons. We sailed from Lake Pontchartrain to Pearlinton, where the boat was at home. The owner ran it himself. Besides himself there were two men and a cook. The captain was a good man but no sailor, so I was soon the boss. Pearlinton lies about seventy miles from

New Orleans, eight miles up Pearl River, which falls into Lake Borgne and is connected with Pontchartrain by a small channel. As far up the river as Pearlington the banks are low without woods, overgrown with a tall grass or reed, sometimes ten feet high. Many deer and cattle stayed here. In the spring fire was put to the grass. This burning of the marsh was a very beautiful sight at night. The vegetation is so lush that in a few days time, the marsh is again covered with young grass, of which the cattle are very fond. Above the town, the country is very flat, but thickly grown with timber. The strangest thing about the river are the so-called Bayous, small streams with quiet waters which cross and recross the bigger streams, feeding or sucking away from the river. They are narrow, often from three to four miles long and in places, very deep. There are a great many of them, and it is a pleasure to row along and follow their winding ways and to shoot squirrels as they run up the trees. In the spring when the water is high, one can row around in the woods almost anywhere.

Pearlington is a small, insignificant village. The inhabitants there trade only in cotton, sugar and wood, which goes to New Orleans. There is no church here. There are church services twice a year, when an itinerant Methodist preacher comes and holds services for three or four days. Pearlington is situated on the northern side of the river in the midst of a large pine forest, owned mostly by the government, and although everybody can cut as much wood as he likes, this commodity seemed pretty expensive. Marriages were performed by the sheriff, who was the only officer in the place. The negro children were never christened and it was an offense, subject to a heavy fine to teach any of them to read. Some of the older negroes preached to the others, but to me their harangues always seemed terrible nonsense.

After we arrived in Pearlington, we laid up there fourteen days before we began to take in timber. It was very cold. Nobody could remember a harder winter. It froze the whole week, and the sugar plantations suffered greatly. We had nothing to do. We slept on board at night, and had our meals with the owner. Our cook had left us. For six dollars I had bought a gun and went hunting almost every day. There was

plenty of game here, and one did not have to go far, especially if one had hounds. The skipper owned three, and by feeding some of the other dogs from the village, we could get as many as we wanted, just by whistling for them. These dogs certainly know how to hunt. As soon as we started up any game, they would run it until they got their animal up a tree; then they stood still and barked and waited. When we arrived we could easily get a shot at whatever was up in the tree. Strangely enough, all the game here, excepting the deer and even including the foxes, will jump up into a tree when the hunt is on. The hares, called rabbits here, are much smaller than ours. When hunted, they will make for hollow trees which are plentiful. If one goes rabbit hunting one has always to bring an axe along, to cut down such trees. The skipper's son and I went hunting one day and we heard the dogs barking. We followed them and reached a spot where the tree was hollow, so we knew there was either a rabbit or opossum hiding in the trunk. We had forgotten the axe. Alfred went home to get one, while I stayed and watched that there should be no run-out. When he came back, we cut a hole in the tree and I put my arm in it. I got hold of the leg of a rabbit. He was too big to get through the hole, so Alfred got a club to hit the rabbit, should I let him go; for we thought he would run out by the root of the tree. Well, I was ready, and let go, but the rabbit ran out so fast, that Alfred never touched the animal nor did the dogs catch up with him. The opossum has to be hunted at night with torches made of pitchpine, a stick of pine which is so full of resin that it will burn like a torch for a long time. By the help of this light, one can either see the opossums in the trees, up which the dogs have chased them and then shoot them or can cut down the trees. When this animal has fallen down, it does not move and you need only to let it twist its tail around your finger and you can carry it where you will. Opossum tastes about like pig. I once saw one with eight young ones on her back. The young twist their tails around the mother's and spit like cats, if you come near them. We also hunted raccoons and much other game. I was told that occasionally a few bears could be seen and some panthers, but never had the luck to come upon either of them.

The soil in the woods is very poor and it is only higher up the river that one finds some cotton plantations. At last we got our load of wood, and we sailed back to New Orleans. Several Indians came on board. They wanted to bring their deer hides to the town. They were dressed in skin trousers and moccasins. All had woolen blankets in which they wrapped themselves instead of wearing shirts. The women and men dressed alike, but the former had long hair. They were not as handsome as the Central American Indians, and while they looked more intelligent, they had the stamp of savages. They agreed to pay a dollar for their passage, but since they had no money before they sold their skins, they had to leave their guns as security. For weapons they also had bows and arrows.

We had no cook and Captain Williams sent me scurrying through New Orleans to get one. I couldn't find one so I went aboard an English ship and asked one of the boys if he would not like to go with us as cook for twelve dollars a month. He agreed at once, and during the night I stole him and his clothes, and got him safely on board. But I was poorly repaid for persuading him to come with us, for he was, most certainly, the worst boy I'd ever seen, and he came near plaguing the life out of us. When we got back to Pearlington, Williams, the owner, would not run the schooner anymore himself, but got an Englishman named Bush, to take charge of it. The first day he came aboard he ordered us to warp the schooner up a bayou. The same night he wanted us to load the wood. The mosquitoes were beginning to be bad and stung us unmercifully. We growled at him but he kept on working us harder than was common. Of course we were not at all pleased with him. Finally he wanted us to work on Sunday. This we flatly refused to do. He got mad and went to Williams and told him that either we or he had to quit. Williams came down to reason with us, but when we told him how it was, he let Bush go and asked me to take the schooner to New Orleans.

I already knew the waterway pretty well and he promised to get another skipper as soon as possible. We made the trip in very good time, and when we came back there was nothing

said about another captain. We got a man to help us and I kept on running the boat as long as I stayed with Williams. However, only during the last month of my stay were my wages raised to thirty-five dollars. One day I went down the river with a barge, which we were to load with wood, and then tow to New Orleans. We had to go about four miles down the river and leave the barge and then walk back to the woods. We meant to get back in the evening but the current was so slow that we did not arrive at our destination until it was nearly sundown. We hurried to get back, as we did not like to go through the woods in the dark. Besides, the mosquitoes were so bad that night that they nearly ate us up. We kept on going until almost dark, when it dawned on us that we had gone wrong. Hearing a dog bark, we followed up the sound and finally came to a house. When we got there, we found some French people whom we could not understand. The only thing to do was to go back the same way we had come. We started to return but as soon as it got really dark, we lost the road which was nothing but a trail at best. We didn't know what to do or where to go. We stumbled on until we got into a swamp. We were tired. We could scarcely stand up. The mosquitoes bothered us terribly. To give ourselves a little peace from these blood-suckers, we tried to make a fire by shooting a pistol into some dry grass; but as we had to lie down to try to blow the little sparks into fire, the mosquitoes stung us so dreadfully everywhere, that we had to fight them with both hands, and the fire never got started. We tried several times more, but with no success. Then we took a strong drink of rum thinking we could go to sleep if we were half drunk, but this did not help much. How we worried through this night! Next morning at dawn we tried to find the road but in vain. We were getting sore and hungry, and the more miserable we felt the more we lost our tempers. One blamed the other for having lost the way, and at last we were about ready to fight. At this point we saw a drove of cattle and forgot our differences. We thought we might shoot one of the calves for food with a pistol, but after running behind them for about an hour, we had to give it up. We seemed now more lost than ever and were really frightened. We had

to spend another terrible night in the woods without food and shelter. But nothing except death lasts forever. The next day we found the road. We must have gone around in circles most of the time, for when we did find the trail, we got into town in a couple of hours. We arrived there in the evening, very hungry and dreadfully tired. Still we could eat but little—less than usual. Williams had been very uneasy about us and had sent some men to hunt us up. They came in after us.

The day after this episode we went through the bayou to take in our load of wood. In between times we were hunting. The boy took some fire ashore to cook dinner. When we came back the whole ground was afire. The boy ran around and howled like one insane. We were pretty scared, too, as the fire would soon have reached a stand of some ten to fifteen cords of wood that had just been cut. We tried to beat the fire out with pine limbs, but as soon as we thought we had it under control, it would blaze up in another place. It was smouldering underneath somewhere. We could not see it. At last we knew we could not save the cords of cut wood and gave up. Quickly the piled lumber was ablaze. The flames reached out and crept on and on until they got the dry marsh reeds, where they travelled so with exploding swiftness that any one in front of the fire could not have run away from it.

There was a fifty dollar fine for anyone setting fire to the woods, except in the spring months. Knowing this, we tried to get the boy to run away but he would not. Luckily for us, there was a quarrel between two parties over these special cords of timber. One man claimed it had been cut on his land, while the other said it was taken from the government land. The fire ended the quarrel and there was never anything more said about it. Probably each of the two men thought that the other had set it afire. We sailed several times to New Orleans without anything happening worthy of note. Spring was coming. The trees were already green at the close of February. Myriads of mosquitoes and sun flies flourished and small alligators came out of their winter hiding places. Flocks of cranes and other birds appeared and everything took on new life. I saw a certain type of crane that was an immense size. These birds were surely five feet. They

were black and white. At first I took them for a herd of cattle. It was next to impossible to get near enough to them to shoot. Hence I have never seen one killed. Snakes also came forth in uncountable numbers. Where there was even the smallest pool of stagnant water, masses of them could be seen basking in the sun. In the woods one had to be careful not to step on them since many of them were poisonous, including, of course, the rattlesnakes. Of their kind I saw but one, which was only three feet long and had three rattles. With these rattles they make a small noise of warning but not half as loud as I had imagined, and one has to know the sound pretty well not to mistake it for a grasshopper's song. Of the black snakes which here get very large, I have seen specimens as long as eight feet. This snake will run from you if it is teased, but when you stand still it, too, will stop.

Alligators were here in great number but I was told they were not as savage as the ones in South America. I have never heard of their attacking a man except in the case of one old man who had stretched his mosquito net close to the bank of the bayou and had gone to sleep. I was once in swimming when I saw them take a pig and a calf, which had ventured too close to the shores of the river on the other side. Sometimes when we rode up the bayous they were to be seen jumping everywhere from the logs on which they had been lying sunning themselves. They can be killed best on land, for in the water, one can only shoot them in the back, and the ball will not enter the scaly hide, even when the hunter is very close. Usually the alligators will lie perfectly still, only striking the tail from side to side. One has to be careful to keep out of the tail's way, which, it may be noted, as meat tastes pretty good when the animal is not too large or old. In the night they bellow like oxen by striking their jaws together. We hunted deer in the reeds one day on a little peninsula running out into the river. The boy set fire to the reeds and this drove the deer out to where we were standing. Four were shot but I did not get one. Next day I was fortunate enough to kill one, while I was rowing up the bayou to get to the schooner.

Everything went well for awhile and I was quite contented. Bill and I stayed on the schooner with various helpers. Once we got hold of one who came pretty near to getting me into trouble. He had half persuaded me into helping him make counterfeit money. He intimated that I should procure all that we needed and he would give me half of what he made. He showed me some counterfeit coins and I could not tell them from the real ones. In this affair I went so far as to give him a few dollars with which to buy copper and other things, but fortunately I changed my mind. Then he told me he had run away from his home because they were after him for making counterfeit coin. I did not feel inclined to have him around any longer and told Williams to ask him to leave the vessel, which he did. I think by this time the swindler was afraid of me as he had disclosed too much.

Once, on our way home, we had headwind up the river. As the water was deep close to the shore, we tied the schooner to the bank. I got into a quarrel with the boy I had persuaded to run away. Over an argument, he finally got so impertinent that I hit him. He became perfectly wild and wanted to get to town right away to report me. To get there before us, he jumped to shore and started to walk. We were on the opposite side from Pearlington, which meant that he had to cross the river. In the meantime we got a good wind and sailed up to town, where we found, that Henry had not yet arrived. I began to be afraid that he might be lost in the swamp, which I knew he had to cross. I kept on watching the bank and towards night he came and signalled the schooner. I rode after him and found him in most miserable condition. His face and hands were so swollen from mosquito bites that I scarcely knew him. He was very humble and begged me just to take him on and promised he would never be saucy again.

The next time I went to New Orleans the harbor master came aboard and spoke to me. As he could easily perceive that I was a foreigner, he asked me for my papers that I might prove that I was a naturalized citizen as otherwise I could not command a vessel. As I had none, he said it was his duty to seize the schooner. After some pleading on my part, he finally agreed to let me take the boat back but warned me not to

come another time without my papers. When I got home I reported to Williams what had taken place and explained that it was best for him to get another skipper. I wanted to make a trip to Baltimore anyhow where nearly all my clothes and other things were. Williams did not want to let me go, and said he would get me citizen papers if I would only stay. But I wanted to see more of the country and refused. I promised soon to come back again. He paid me what he owed me and I stayed another two weeks before I went away. I amused myself with hunting and fishing. One day Williams asked me to go after some honey of wild bees. His son would help me. We had no sulphur but we thought we could stupefy them by putting burned rags under their hive. But the nest was so big that many flew out and stung Alfred. He saw the advancing bees first and ran away leaving me to bear the brunt of their attack. They nearly ruined me. Next morning we went again with some sulphur that soon killed them, but with the first mouthful of honey I got a sting on my tongue.

After having stayed ashore for a fortnight, I took leave of Mr. Williams. He was very kind to me and I was sorry to leave him. I went to New Orleans in the beginning of July. I could not get a chance to go up the river at once, so I stayed there some days and spent a shameful lot of money for purposes I don't care to write down. The sickly season had already begun and the heat was unendurable. Not a breeze moved and it was difficult to breathe. I went around seeking shade like a dog and spent about a dollar every day for beer and lemonade. One evening I got into a gambling place where they were playing roulette. I thought I would try my fortune and in less than ten minutes I lost about twenty dollars. Luckily I had no more money with me, or I suppose I should have kept on playing.

After a few days I went on board the steamer SCOTLAND, bound for Cincinnati and Louisville, about sixteen hundred miles up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. It cost only seven dollars for second cabin passage to either place. I had spent six dollars for books and five dollars for a cask of wine which, with other provisions, I took aboard. The country was cultivated for the first two hundred miles on both sides with

sugar plantations. All along were levees protecting the land. Higher up was nothing but flat land, overgrown with very large forests; occasionally interrupted by a single cornfield or a woodcutter's cottage. There were always many miles between such habitations. In the cornfields some large dead trees were to be seen still standing. The farmers killed the trees, and then left them until they fell down of themselves. Twice a day we had to land to take in wood. We burned about twenty-five cords in twenty-four hours. Around two hundred passengers were in the second cabin and perhaps twenty-five in the first. The heat was terrible. Too many people were packed together. After being out only three days cholera broke out on board. I could not go ashore in the wilderness so I had to stay patiently on the ship. There were twelve very disagreeable days which I had to spend on the boat.

The passengers were chiefly immigrant Germans and Irish with only a few Americans and these probably were the worst outlaws one could find anywhere. The sickness spread fast and during the twelve days I was on the vessel, twenty-four persons died, most of them being Germans. Many of the passengers had no more feeling in the face of this calamity than they would have had in watching animals dying. While one was lying fighting death, others would sit nearby drinking and playing cards. As soon as one died, the ship was stopped, a shallow grave was dug, and the body was thrown in without any coffin. The grave was covered with sand and the journey was resumed.

I did not think cholera was contagious and so I often rubbed ill persons when they were taken with cramps. They suffered terribly and at times screamed frightfully but seldom did the agony last more than half a day. An hour after the attack a victim would be so changed one would scarcely know him. His eyes sank into his head and the whole body shriveled. In pity I often rubbed the legs and arms of sufferers with rum. Still I was not attacked, so I don't think one can get cholera by contact. Very few recovered, and when this happened—I was told—it was a long time before any strength came back to the victim.

Ten days out from New Orleans we arrived at the mouth of the Ohio, a river which we had to ascend to reach Louisville. The water in the Ohio was perfectly clear, while that of the Mississippi was muddy and thick. One could see clear water on one side and muddy on the other for over a half a mile at the point where the two rivers merged. The scenery changed at once as one came into the Ohio. Banks were high and bluff and were cut by beautiful small valleys of creeks flowing into the river. The country was also more cultivated and there were more houses and small towns. The water rises very high in the spring, but in the summer it is so low that only very small steamboats can navigate the river. One could see the stony beds, which in the spring, must be covered by great rivers. Now they had scarcely enough water to run a mill. We kept on until we landed at Smithfield, a little town at the mouth of the Cumberland River, where the load of the ship had to be made lighter so as to be able to go higher up the river. I went ashore and hired out to a steamboat which ran up the Tennessee River. After taking three dollars worth of provisions, consisting of eggs (I paid fifty cents for two dozen) rum, peaches and bread, I went on board. As I did so I saw two Irishmen whipping an American whom I liked very well. He had been eating at our table during the entire voyage. I went to help him and knocked one of his assailants out. Immediately they let the American alone and took hold of me. Another man and two Irish women came to help them. The women were the worst of the lot. One of them hit me on the head with an axe handle. The other burned me on the arm with a flatiron, and I guess they would have pretty nearly killed me if the captain and the pilot had not come to my rescue. I could scarcely see for the whole week, and I thought maybe they would not keep me on the steamer, for my looks were terrible, but when they heard it was Irishmen who had whipped me, I was all right.

It cost the steamship a great deal to run on the rivers. The steamer, *Scotland*, of about two hundred tons, spent nearly a thousand dollars monthly. Presently we went down the river again to get to the mouth of the Tennessee, which ran sixty miles below the Cumberland. The ship was loaded with salt

for Carrollsville, two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth. The country was pretty flat. It was lovely to go up a river as narrow as this, and as the steamer kept close to the shore, to escape the current, the trees often scraped against the deck. About a hundred and fifty miles up we entered the state of Alabama, where the country on one side belongs to the Indians. We saw not a single house there. Often great herds of squirrels swam across the river, and sometimes deer and raccoons. Once we caught a deer but it was about all we could do to row as fast as the deer could swim. When we arrived at Carrollsville the Captain insisted that we should unload at night. Two of us were to do this, so we asked for our pay, which was three dollars, and went ashore. We got lodgings and stayed for four days at a cost of a dollar and a half. In the meantime the water in the river fell so much that we could not get away on a steamboat. Our host advised us to stay with him and cut wood, the only work to be had in the place, or else to go high up the river to a place named Florentz, where we probably could get work on a keelboat, a kind of flat boat which runs where steamers can not. We chose at first to cut wood, but when I tried my hand at it I found I could not do anything much, so I took my gun on my shoulder and with a small satchel, which I borrowed from the other man, I set out, leaving my clothes in Carrollsville. I was told to keep to the river as much as possible and to notice which way the current ran. The other man who had several times taken the same trip, advised me as to what I should do. I took some salt and bread, enough to last me for a few days. He showed me how I could broil on a stick what game I shot and how to make a fire with a gun.

I started, and so long as I could follow the road, I was all right, but when the trail stopped, I wished I had not attempted the trip. Still I kept on going. The country began to be very hilly with beautiful forests, the trees being mostly walnuts, oak and beech. There were a great many squirrels and doves. Of the latter I shot four. In the evening I made camp at a little creek, gathered some dry twigs and made a fire. Then I plucked my birds and roasted them with a little salt. It was an excellent supper. Although I knew there were

no wild beasts here that would attack a human being, I was pretty frightened and to protect myself, I kept such a roaring fire I nearly roasted, and of course, slept very little. But as I did not either hear or see anything in the way of danger I had more courage the next night and slept nicely. I slept so well that my fire went out and I woke up freezing. I walked on for twelve or fourteen days. I travelled slowly and often went out of my way to hunt. I saw here my first wild turkeys. Two old hens with twelve or fifteen half-grown ones, came walking into a clearing. I did not at first recognize them as turkeys. They were black and much prettier than the tame ones at home. I crept as near as possible and tried to shoot the hen. I thought that if I could get her, I could run down the young. I did not get the old bird, and when my ammunition ran out, the small ones flew away, except for one which lit in a tree near by. I went under the tree and to my great joy my shot brought the bird down. I found the meat of the wild turkey less dry than that of the tame one. I saw several deer, but since I had enough to eat, I didn't kill any. I saw only three houses, one of which was not inhabited, but at the other two, the people were very hospitable. I ate with them and they would accept no pay and gave me a loaf of bread when I left. These pioneers lived a very lonely life, raised everything they needed for food and only a couple of times during the year would they drive a load of corn to Waterloo, a little town by the river.

After about two weeks of wandering, I arrived at Flor-entz, where I immediately hired out to a keelboat for a dollar a day with board. We went up the river about twenty miles after a load of cotton and then came down again to Waterloo. Our crew consisted of twenty men who poled the boat up the river. One had to set a pole against his shoulder and to walk a thin board along the side of the boat. It hurt the shoulder and as I was not used to the work, my pole slipped a few times and I fell head first overboard. The current was very swift. The only way to get on board again was to swim ashore and run a distance beyond the boat there to watch for a chance to jump aboard. When we were loaded up all the workmen left the boat except for two men and myself, who

hired to let the boat drift down to Waterloo. We took no provisions, for we thought we would be there the following morning. The distance was a little over forty miles. Two of us went to sleep. The third, who should have watched, did the same. When we awoke we were hard aground on an island in the river. We tried all sorts of ways to get off but the current was too strong. We could only wade out where the water was knee deep; if we went further, the swift water would take us down. In the meantime it was nearing noon, and we began to get very hungry. There was nothing to be done but to have one of us go down to Waterloo for help. We had no boat, so we took one of the hatch covers and put it into the river. I sat down on this shaky raft and with the help of a pole, I reached Waterloo in the evening. The distance was twenty miles but the current was so swift that it took me only three hours to make the trip. I got help and the next day we brought the boat down.

I had had enough of the keelboat, and as there was a steamboat in Waterloo, I hired out to it. This boat went down to the mouth of the river where Paducah is situated. Here I left the boat as I did not want to go up the Tennessee again. By chance I met the man whom I had left in Carrollsville, and as there was no other steamboat that needed men, we bought a little canoe to take us to the mouth of the Ohio, where we were sure to find ships. The distance was about sixty miles from Paducah. My clothes, which I had left in Carrollsville and there recovered, we put in the bottom of the canoe and we started out, with a gun but no provisions. The current was slow and we made little progress. To protect ourselves from the sun we made an awning from some blankets. During the day we lay down and let the canoe drift. Towards evening we went ashore and shot enough squirrels and parrots to supply us for the next day. After supper we lay down and went to sleep, the canoe having been safely secured.

There is only one kind of parrot in North America, much prettier than the common ones. This type is yellow, green and red, and has a long tail. It was a strange sight to see immense piles of wood and half-decayed trees lying on the banks, deposited there by the high river. Often logs were

caught in the tree tops, and if one did not know that this had been done by the high flood, one would wonder how they ever got there. We drifted down the stream for three days, and as we thought we could reach the mouth on the fourth night, we went to sleep and let the canoe drift. When dawn came I woke up with a start. I noticed we were drifting very fast past a log in the river. I woke Jim and when we tried to find out where we were, we saw that we had passed the mouth and had come out into the Mississippi where the current was very dangerous. It was fortunate that we did not hit a log, else the canoe would have turned over and I would have lost all my clothes, and probably my life, also. We hurriedly paddled towards shore, but it took us all day to get back to the Ohio.

We found no steamboat, still we were afraid to go into the woods to shoot anything and in this way procure food; thinking that while so doing, a boat might come and go away. We were terribly hungry. Together we had only twelve cents, and with this we bought a large melon, which lasted us until the next day. During the night the steamer, JACK DOWN-ING, came and both of us were hired to go to Pittsburgh, which is situated at the source of the Ohio where the Allegheny and another river meet. On the way we visited Cincinnati and Louisville of each of which cities I shall later tell more. In Pittsburgh, I hired out to a small steamboat which plied up the Allegheny to where a canal goes into Lake Erie. Here I paid a dollar for my passage on a canal boat which was pulled by horses. If I remember correctly this boat went through nine locks.

It must have been very expensive to have dug such a canal and yet I was told, an individual had built it. Lake Erie looked like an ocean. It is two hundred miles broad and the water is at times very rough. In Buffalo there were many schooners and other vessels but navigation was considered dangerous because of the many reefs and sandbars. There was a large lighthouse in Buffalo. When I got ashore I shouldered my gun and started to walk to the famous Niagara Falls. Between Buffalo and Niagara, the country was well settled and I could find no game, but had to buy the food I needed. I did not have too much money and in order to save, I slept in the

woods at night, and was very comfortable as it was the month of August. The country was very beautiful, hilly and thick with timber. Most plants I had seen at home grew here. When I camped at night of the second day, I could already hear the roar of the waterfalls. The noise soon lulled me to sleep. I was about twelve miles from the falls. Someone told me the noise of this greatest of nature's wonders could be heard in Buffalo when the wind was right, although the distance from this city is about forty miles.

I came to the Falls in the evening. I never expected to see such a sight. I can not describe my feelings, except by saying I felt my own utter insignificance. An immense mass of water came tumbling down. All the water from the Great Lakes which stretched out for about two thousand miles toward the northwest, comes through here. The Fall itself is half a mile wide, and the water falls down perpendicularly a hundred and seventy feet. Close above the Fall a small island divides the river, but the waters meet again before they drop over the brink and because of the immense falls behind it, forms a bow. One who has courage can go under the fall itself. This is somewhat dangerous for the mist makes it hard for one to see and the rocks are very slippery. The country about the Falls is very rocky and uneven, but it supports a little town chiefly made up of inns, as many tourists come here. Below the Falls the water at a distance of about two miles or so becomes perfectly quiet again although having come down precipitously more than one hundred and fifty feet.

In the evening I saw the falls from above and the next morning from below. The latter view is the better of the two. What seemed to me unthinkable and I would not have believed it had I not talked with the person who saw it done, was the story of a man named Sam Patch, who rode down the falls without getting hurt. He travelled about and made money by jumping over the great waterfalls in America. Finally he killed himself in one attempt. As a proof of the power of Niagara, I will write down a story I heard about it. Two English officers got permission to let three condemned war schooners go over the Falls. Two of them went aground

on the island and did not go over, but the third one went on and although a reward of twenty dollars was promised to any one who could find a single piece of it, nothing was ever recovered.

The river Niagara, which is responsible for the Falls, runs twelve miles from Lake Erie to the Falls, and from there eighteen miles to Lake Ontario. I stayed there a day and then went to Pittsburgh, where I hired out to the steamboat ARGUS which was bound for St. Louis. In three days we ran out into the muddy Mississippi and went up the river. The banks are much higher here than lower down and more thickly wooded. On the west side of the river are immense lead mines which furnish all of the United States with lead. Anyone has permission to dig for the mineral and any vein he finds is his. I heard of a man who found a vein and sold it at once for three thousand dollars. I watched shot being made. The smelters are wooden houses built in the edge of a high cliff. They did not look safe to me. At the bottom is a cistern to receive the shot, which falling in drops from the long distance, are almost round.

St. Louis lies sixty miles below where the Missouri River falls into the Mississippi and still the mud of the Mississippi has not swallowed up the clear of the Missouri.

St. Louis was a fairly big city and was growing fast. We loaded up with clothing and food belonging to the government to bring up to St. Peters, where there is a fort with three hundred men to keep the Indians under control.

The farther we went up the river, the fewer houses we saw and eventually we found none. The country was beautiful and I have never seen such landscapes, and the many colors when the sun was playing in the trees, were singularly wonderful to behold. Few thought it was only September because at times it was really cold. The trees were bright in their high colors, which make the autumn in America in many places a thing of unforgettable beauty. So far we had seen only forests with cultivated farmlands in between, but as we went higher up we saw immense so called prairies, covered with high grass and flowers, but with not a single tree. As

we moved we saw much wild game. Sometimes we killed an elk, a kind of large deer, almost as big as a horse, and with immense antlers, sometimes so extended that my arms could not reach between the tips.

The Americans have two forts here: BOCK and ST. PETERS. The first is built of logs. The second is a strong stone fort. As we came higher up the river there seemed to be no one living in this country and we had to stop every day to cut our own wood. One day we landed and I sprang ashore with a rope to make the ship fast and came within an inch of stepping on a rattlesnake lying in the grass. I heard the rattle. Never was I so frightened at anything and I came near forgetting to run away. The captain got his gun and shot the rattler. It was the largest I had seen; six feet long and had seven rings on its tail. Ten days after leaving St. Louis we passed through Pippin Lake. The river runs through it. This body of water is full of small islands. Swans, pelicans, and other water birds were here in great flocks.

On the tenth day we landed at the fort, lying at the mouth of the St. Peters River. Steamships can not go further. Eight miles higher up is the waterfall, St. Anthony. Here there lived a great many Indians of the best-looking tribe I saw in North America. With FIREWATER one can buy nearly all they have. Their women make beautiful things using porcupine quills and bird feathers, such as moccasins, head-dresses and pipes. Between the two forts I was shown a high rock, where at one time nearly a whole tribe of Indians had jumped off to their deaths rather than fall into the enemy's hands. The fort, St. Peters, is built upon a high hill. A whitish stone was used, and it looked very imposing. Several families, mainly of French nationality, lived around the fort. This region consists mostly of prairies with high grass and flowers, only here and there broken by small groves of oak and poplar. The climate is very cold. Corn can not grow here and the occasional wheat and oat fields don't bring in much; since the thousands of birds one sees here must make away with most of the crop. Wild rice grows in abundance along the banks of the river.

Two days after our arrival, I went out early one morning to see the St. Anthony waterfalls. The road leading up is very beautiful. I had to climb many small hills, where quantities of wild flowers were growing, and I had sometimes to pass through a small forest. I doubt if I have ever seen a more beautiful landscape. I could see the Waterfall three or four miles before I got to it. The fall looks much longer than it really is when you see it from below. The actual fall is straight down for about thirty feet and farther on by a slope from three hundred to four hundred feet. In the middle of the falls is a little island overgrown with pine trees. At the edge is a big rock about a hundred yards long and five or six yards high. A little farther is another island bigger than the one just mentioned covered with oak trees in which are many eagle nests. It gave a fine effect to the scenery to see the eagles flying over the falls. Many miles below St. Anthony Falls a little river descends into the Mississippi and also forms a waterfall some sixty feet high. This fall rushes with such force, that I walked under its curve without even being sprinkled.

The Mississippi can be followed a thousand miles above St. Anthony Falls up to the lake, where this mighty river has its source. Below St. Anthony, the Mississippi travels two thousand miles, therefore it is at least three thousand miles long.

After four days we sailed down the river again, but the water had fallen so low that we often went around and made very slow headway. At the first rapid, where the river falls thirty feet in about four miles, we had to take everything out of the ship, that could be moved. All the crew except the captain and pilot had to go ashore in order to lighten the boat which went over all right, but not without having several holes scraped in the bottom. We had to plug them up before we could proceed. We rented a keelboat to bring down the things which had been removed from the ship and then we went on. When we came down to Fort Bock, we received on board a famous Indian chief, BLACK HAWK, who was to go with us to St. Louis. He was a notorious chief who had for a long time made war on the Americans but at last was caught with the help of a trader and sent as a prisoner to Washington.

After a while his freedom was granted. He lived now on a plantation near the fort, and had nothing more to do with Indian warfare. The steamship WARRIOR on which I later sailed was in the war with him. This boat was sent up the river to fight him, and the pilot house still had over a hundred bullet holes in its walls, since the clever Indians shot mostly at the pilot. Black Hawk was well built, with an intelligent and handsome face. He could, or would not speak English, but had his own interpreter. His clothes were much like the garments of the whites, although some Indian characteristics were noticeable.

When we came down to St. Louis, I hired out to the steamboat, WARRIOR, which was going up the Missouri River with the American Fur Company's hunters. This company usually sends a steamer twice a year up as far as it can go to the Yellowstone river, which is about twenty-four hundred miles above St. Louis. These hunters who were trappers—mostly Frenchmen—hired themselves out for three years, and had to stay for that length of time up in that region. I had it in mind to go with them but when I found out that they went through many indescribable hardships with poor food—nothing except what game they could kill—I thought better of it and that I would let well enough alone. I went with the steamer simply to see the country which was still very fertile and cultivated for a distance of about eight hundred miles from the mouth. Sailing was very dangerous on account of many sunken logs which seemed anchored fast to the bottom, the loose ends reaching above the water but more often hidden below the surface. One could not sail at night at all. Although the water was muddy I have never tasted any better. At first we could buy our fire wood but higher up we could not do so. Every evening we had to get out and cut it ourselves. This work was easy, as besides the ship's crew, there were eighty trappers, who were very proficient in cutting wood. The higher we went the more endless the prairies looked. Some of them were covered with grass from four to eight feet high and in others the grass reached only a few inches. Where this was the case the ground was almost stone hard, and had no loose mould.

These prairies were literally covered with buffaloes. As far as the eye could reach many thousands could be seen. They are generally hunted from a horse. For this purpose we had on board two horses belonging to the Fur Company. In the evening when we had tied up, always at the edge of the prairie where there was at least some timber, one or two went out to shoot, so that we could have meat the next day. The hunter with the horse had a shotgun loaded with bullets. He rode in full gallop towards the buffaloes, which, as soon as they saw him, gathered together and stood for a moment still staring at him. Then off they went as hard as they could go. But the horse, being the swifter soon brought the hunter close enough to shoot the first one he came close to. The horse was so trained that when the shot rang out, he ran in the opposite direction. If the buffalo saw the horse, the latter would surely be charged. Ordinarily the buffalo continued to run straight ahead, until he fell dead. Then he was skinned, the hump and hams were cut off, the rest of the carcass being left for the wolves, who made short work of it. I have gone out an hour after a kill and found every bit of the meat gone. These wolves are not very large and are really afraid of men. They howl most awfully, and together with the buffaloes, they quite often make such a racket at night that it is impossible to sleep until one gets used to it.

I heard them the first time on an evening when I was ordered to spring ashore and make fast the ship. A terrific noise so frightened me, that I dropped everything and jumped back on board again. Because of this the ship drifted down the river a long way before we could actually land.

The weather got colder and more unpleasant day by day. We had ice practically every night. At last after sailing for about six weeks, we arrived almost at the Yellowstone River. The country here was very rocky and as far up as one could see rose big, massive mountains. Two miles below the river near a small factory, the ship went aground. All the trappers went ashore. We tried our best to get the boat loose again and go up further, as we had to take on a load of buffalo hides and beaver skins. Finally, we did get over the first sandbank, but meanwhile the water fell so much that it was impossible

to go down the river with any load. As there was no chance of the water rising again until spring, it was resolved that eight men should be with the ship, and the rest of the crew, ten in all, should go back to St. Louis in the small boat. I wanted to stay with the ship during the winter, but since I was one of the best rowers, I was not allowed to remain behind.

We put in a lot of provisions and much ammunition and started to row twenty-two hundred miles in an open boat. Although we rowed slowly we went along quite swiftly because the current ran from six to seven miles an hour. Every night we tied up to the bank and made a big campfire to sleep by as it was rather cold. As we progressed down the river the climate became, of course, much milder. We shot all the game we needed, mostly wild turkeys. Very seldom could we get near enough to the buffaloes to shoot, getting only two on the trip. These were taken by the captain, who was a remarkably good shot. We saw several bears and got two of them. One of the beasts I shot one evening after we landed. I sat hidden in a tree and the bear came up close to me before I fired. The other was shot in a hollow tree. We could see by the udder, that this she-bear had young ones. We cut down the tree and found one, a little bigger than a cat. We had nothing for the cub to eat but the meat of its mother, but it seemed to like this very well. In a short time the young bear got tame and was as playful as a puppy.

We saw many Indian teepees, which the savages move wherever they go. They are really nothing but staves stuck into the ground, tied together at the top and then covered with buffalo or deer hides. The contraption looks like a sugar loaf, and is called a wigwam. The entrance is so small you can scarcely crawl into it. Once inside, one finds nothing but some skins and a few hollow gourds. The savages who lived higher up the river had no guns, but used only bows and arrows. These were known as BLACK FEET Indians. They are bitter enemies of the white settlers. Their burial places are somewhat like their huts. Inside is a platform, where the corpse is laid wrapped up in fur skins. I have never seen any Indians buried near their habitations. Some tribes bury their dead in the ground.

At the mouth of the Osage River, where we camped one night, we saw a beaver dam, but the beavers were all gone, probably having been trapped. Their houses had the appearance of bread loaves. Very neatly built, and at the same time secure, they were on the outside as smooth as a wall. The dam was partly washed away, still there was enough left to show what unbelievably hard work it must have been for these small animals to erect such a structure.

At last we arrived at St. Louis, having made the twenty-two hundred miles in forty-two days. This may seem hard to believe but the current runs six miles and sometimes faster, so it was not an unusual feat. As soon as we arrived, I was paid off, and I resolved to go up the Ohio River to Pittsburgh, thence by land to Baltimore to get my clothes, and from there back to New Orleans. I was anxious about my relatives and desired to establish contacts. I stayed one week in town, and went to the theater. For my ticket I paid one dollar. Powder and shot cost me as much. On fruit and cake I spent two dollars.

I then hired out to the steamer MESSENGER which was to go to Cincinnati. Just before I went aboard I had been to a gunsmith to get my two pistols fixed up. On the way I met a man who was also going to the ship. I showed him my pistols. They were not loaded. In fun, I aimed one at him. While I stood thus, a man walked up back of me and grabbed the pistol. I turned and saw it was the sheriff, who very harshly commanded me to give him the other one too. I did not feel inclined to give my gun up and as he put his hand out to take it away from me, I hit him on the head with the butt so hard that he fell to the ground. Panic stricken, I threw away the pistol and ran like fury towards the ship, which was just about to sail. I jumped aboard and was saved. I never went back again to that city. On our way we touched Louisville where we went through a canal which is two miles long and has four locks. The water falls in that distance about two hundred feet. The canal is seldom used in going down the river as ships can make use of the current. Between Louisville and Cincinnati, we passed a so-called pigeon-roost, a place to which wild pigeons came every night by the thousands. During the day

one couldn't see any pigeons at all except perhaps some few that were hurt in one way or another. In the evening, however, they came in such flocks as to darken the sky, and made a noise almost equal to Niagara Falls. These pigeons were smaller than our own at home, but had very long tails. Cincinnati is a very beautiful town. A lot of trading was done by way of the river to New Orleans and quite an amount of overland business was carried on as far as Baltimore and Philadelphia. In Cincinnati I went several times to the theater paying from fifty cents to a dollar for my tickets. I bought some novels by Walter Scott for two dollars and spent three dollars more for other books. Here I also found out that I could rent books, but it was almost as cheap to buy them. A week's lodging cost me two dollars. I bought two buffalo hides for eight dollars and fifty cents. I spent three dollars for a pair of trousers, and two dollars for another. Shoes cost me a dollar and a half, and a pair of boots, three dollars; a cap, fifty cents. I was charged a dollar for having my watch repaired and paid the same price for three steel pens.

From Cincinnati I went as a passenger to WHEELING, about five hundred miles higher up. This cost me three dollars. I took two dollars worth of provisions along. In Wheeling I went to the theater, which cost me a dollar. I intended to go by post chaise to Baltimore which was only three hundred miles further away, but I thought that the fare was too high, and I resolved to walk. I sent my clothes by the pack wagon for six dollars.

I tried to get a bunch of hogs to drive to Baltimore but failed, although thousands of them were being sent every year in that manner. I followed the wagon that had my clothes, but since the driver lived on a grander scale than I could afford, I found it wisest to leave him. I could walk as fast as he drove, for he seldom made more than sixteen miles in a day, although it was one of the best macadam roads one could hope to find. I left him after two days and decided to go over the Allegheny Mountains where I thought I could kill enough game to live on. Besides my clothes, I took my gun and went my way. It was a most beautiful beginning. Grainfields, houses, woods, hills and valleys blended together, and in the

distance the Allegheny mountains were visible, although I was still far away from these mountains.

The first day I walked twenty-three miles, which is the most I think I ever walked in a day. Although I was very tired when the sun set, this feeling was nothing compared with what I endured on following days. I went through many small towns, the names of which I cannot now remember. Brownsville was one of the larger towns with a very long bridge over a river. The further I went the more tired I got. Evenings after walking the whole day, my legs ached indescribably and once I sat down, it was almost impossible to get up again. Exhausted as I was, I could not sleep, for the pain raged through my whole body. My shoulders got sore from carrying the gun. As I had only a little money, I had to go on whether I liked it or not. For six days I walked and covered about a hundred miles. Then I was overtaken by some people from Ohio. They were going on horseback to Westminster, twenty-seven miles from Baltimore. One of them had two horses, and offered me a ride on one of them, but I refused. I was afraid my money would not hold out if I went in company with others. I told them, what was partly true, that I was a sailor and did not know how to ride. But these friendly persons insisted, and finally I had to consent, and got on the animal. Riding eased my poor legs a great deal, and when the man offered to let me ride on his horse to Westminster for one dollar, I accepted gladly, because I thought I would get there much faster, which would mean that I would frequent the inns less often. We rode about thirty miles a day. At that rate it would take us six days to reach Baltimore. Of course, it was not very comfortable riding since the horse had neither saddle nor bridle, but had only a rope around its neck. When the horse walked all went pretty well, but going down hill he always trotted, and it nearly upset me. In the evenings after getting up, I felt as stiff-legged as if I had walked.

The Alleghenies were overgrown with fir, and laurel trees. Many springs coming down over the rocks made a beautiful sight although it was winter. The Laurel-Hills, so-called for their many trees of this type, were the highest we came over. When the mist hung over the mountain tops, it seemed as if

one was riding the clouds, everything appeared so small down below. Cumberland, a little town eight miles from the mountain, seemed to me to lie right at the foot of it. I would have given much if I could have had my loved ones with me, if only for an hour to share with me the enjoyment of this splendid sight. We rode for four days and lived rather well. On the fifth day, I found to my consternation, that my capital had melted down to twentyfive cents, and yet I had over fifty miles to go to get to Baltimore. We ate only twice a day. My breakfast I had paid for; however, my supper would eat up the total of my wherewithal and would leave nothing for a bed.

I was ashamed to tell my fellow travellers that I had no more money, so at noon I began to complain of a severe headache, which, of course, got worse and worse before we stopped at the inn. I complained that I couldn't eat any supper, but asked for a bed immediately, which took half of my capital. I still had thirty miles to travel. Ten of them I rode on the horse, but by now my party had to take another road, so we had to separate, which we did with much ceremony.

I was somewhat glad to be alone again. Hungry as a dog, I walked on. I bought a honey cake and a glass of beer for six cents and kept going till dark. Then I lay down in a ditch for the night. I couldn't sleep much. It was around Christmas and I nearly froze to death. Before daybreak I was again on the road, bought another honey cake and beer with my last six cents. At noon, happily, I reached Baltimore. I went at once to the street where I had lived before and found the house after hunting for some time for it. Having entered, I heard to my sorrow, that my old boss was dead. The new tenant did not know to where his wife had moved. The thought that all my clothes had been lost made me feel very badly. I was about to go away when a young woman, whose husband's funeral I attended the last time I was in Baltimore, came by and recognized me. She told me that my former landlord's wife was still alive and that she would probably still have my clothes. Dead tired as I was, I went with quick strides to where the woman lived. She was delighted to see me. She had taken good care of my things, for not a piece was missing. Later I heard that Tom had returned some months earlier. A

third man from Baltimore who had left with us had not returned, and everybody thought he was dead. Certainly I was glad and as happy as I could be to see some old friends again.

The town had greatly changed in the little while I had been away. Washington's monument, which before was outside the town, and now almost in the middle of it. I saw here a place where people could be given gas and they became somewhat crazy from it. The gas was in a bottle and those who took it stood in a cage where one could look at them. After a while they began to roll their eyes and close their fists. Most of them wanted to fight and struck the walls of the cage with all their might. Others seemed to be very happy. They sang, laughed and danced. Of course I had to try it myself and spent a dollar foolishly that way, but it had no effect on me whatsoever. I had to wait for some time for my clothes to come with the packwagon and sold the Buffalo robes and some other things. Then I hired out to the English brig, BILLOW, bound for Jamaica.

When we sailed from Baltimore it was very cold but we had a good wind. In less than six days it was much warmer than we wished it to be. It took us altogether twenty days to reach Jamaica. This is a very beautiful mountainous island, and in the higher places the climate is very healthy, but in Kingston where we landed, this is not the case. Before we got to the town we sailed past Port Royal, the station for the English West India Fleet. There were twelve warships and one very large steamer anchored in the harbor.

Kingston looks like all the West India towns I have seen, the houses low and the streets dirty beyond the power of my poor pen to describe them. Jamaica is one of the most fertile islands in the West Indies. It has the best of food; even fine apples grow in the mountains. In the English colonies the Indians are not slaves any more, therefore they are so impudent and proud that one can hardly do anything with them. I can never believe that it is well to give the people their freedom at once when all their lives they have been slaves and dependent on someone else for their entire welfare. On the island of St. Domingo, one can see the result of this sort of thing. That country used to supply all of France with sugar, but now that

the negroes are ruling themselves, the result is that St. Domingo has to import sugar for its own use from other islands.

The sixth of February we sailed away from Kingston, after receiving a mixed cargo. The trade wind was very strong with a high sea between the islands. We had to tack continually and it took us twenty-one days to clear the passage between Cuba and St. Domingo, a trip which at any other time was made in a day and a half. We kept on tacking to get out of Crooked Island Sound. We came so close to the little island Mayaguana, one of the Bahamas, that we could see a ship aground there, which was hoisting signals of distress. We stood in as close as we dared and found it to be an English bark. The boat was fortunate in being stranded on the only possible place where we could save the sailors, as there was a small piece of sandy beach. Everywhere else around the island stretched a coral reef, over which the waves broke with such power as would have immediately crushed any ship. We came as close as we could and the captain finally succeeded in getting ashore in a boat. After a while he came back again and told us that the foundered boat was the English ship, WILLIAM MITCHELL, laden with rum and sugar from Jamaica, and was on its way to London. It was agreed that the captain and eighteen of the crew would go with us to Baltimore, while the mate with three sailors would return to Jamaica in the long boat, which had not been damaged.

The captain went ashore again and I accompanied him. It was a low stretched out sandy island overgrown with mangrove trees. The sailors had put up some tents where they had already lived for nine days without seeing a ship. Nearly all of the crew were more or less drunk; even the captain and mates were not too sober and under the circumstances, this was perhaps excusable. We recovered two of their barrels of water. Some of the crew came aboard with their clothes which they had saved. Two hogs belonging to the shipwreck swam ashore, but ran away into the woods, so I guess in a few years the island will be full of wild pigs.

We sailed for four days with a good wind, but as we passed CAPE HATTERAS we ran into a northwest storm which took us away from the land. Here we began to get only

rations of water, and as the storm continued the allowance got smaller every day until at last we had only a quart per person a day. All our food was cooked with salt water. We now had no bread except meal cakes and these were also made with salt water. Luckily for us it was rather cold and we did not get very thirsty.

We were hardly ever dry and in the twenty days the storm lasted we suffered great hardships. Had there not been such a crowd to impress into service, we could never have navigated the ship, as everything was full of ice and all articles on deck were frozen stiff. At last the weather changed and we reached Chesapeake Bay in safety. The two crews celebrated by drinking and soon began to fight. When the two captains came to quiet them, the tars came very near whipping both of them. Our captain then took an axe and knocked the bottom out of both rum barrels and when this trouble-maker flowed into the ocean, we had peace. After a while a pilot came aboard and ran up to Baltimore where the English consul took charge of the shipwrecked people and sent them home.

I got my pay and hired out right away to the brig NIOBE, which was bound for Pernambuco in Brazil. We had fine weather during the whole voyage but we were fed very poorly and did not get along very well together. We caught a lot of flying fish and as long as they lasted, we did not get anything else to eat. After thirty-nine days we arrived at Pernambuco, a very ugly, dirty and neglected city. The harbor is formed by a natural stone wall which runs all around the town leaving only a narrow entrance. The surrounding country is very beautiful and fertile. I ate the biggest and sweetest oranges I had ever tasted. About a mile from Pernambuco is the old town, Olinda. Here we saw monks everywhere and the church bells rang continuously. These churches were filled with pictures of saints and gilded ornaments. I heard no one talk, but here and there some veiled person was kneeling in prayer. I saw three children baptized with about such ceremonies as are used in North America. We could not sell our cargo.

While in Pernambuco we wrote a letter to the sailor preacher in Baltimore asking that our captain be given a severe rebuke on our return for the poor treatment of his crew.

I spent ten dollars for a spyglass, a thing which I had always wanted to own. After several days waiting we were off again, this time for ST. SALVADORE, a town lying south of Pernambuco in ALL SAINT'S BAY. It was a much larger and prettier town, and sailing in, we had a beautiful view, as the city is surrounded by many hills. The Brazilians had the greatest part of their fleet here but their manouvers were a poor sight although they had many English officers and sailors among them.

The inhabitants, to a large degree, were Indians and Negroes. Many Negroes were still being imported from Africa. It was a strange sight to behold all these naked men, their wooly hair shaved from their heads, giving them a decidedly ugly look. They had fireworks all the time, day and night.

In ST. JOHN, on the Baptist's birthday, we saw a large procession. There were so many people that I couldn't see much except a number of monks wearing black robes and boys with white and red capes. The Foreign Consul lived outside the town, and the flags of nearly all nations were flying, but I did not see any from the German Freeports. The country was hilly and rough, covered with trees and high grass. Here Negroes rode about in boats selling parrakeets. I bought one for twenty cents, but on the way home the bird fell overboard and was drowned. We got rid of our cargo and took in ballast to go back to Pernambuco to get a cargo of sugar. We were made to do this hard work on a Sunday, a task which did not set well with us and we stored up our resentment until the day we should get home. In four days we landed again in Pernambuco and after attending to our business, we sailed and arrived in Baltimore at the end of August after a twenty-eight day uneventful voyage.

The first thing we did was to go to Reverend Taylor and tell him how we had to work on Sundays, how poorly we were fed, and how miserably we were treated. Sure enough he preached a sermon the next Sunday about this. He even called the captain by name. The captain was present and got up and left the church. While in Baltimore I went down to Washington in a post chaise to see the capitol, a trip which cost me a dollar and a half. This was the biggest and most impressive

building I have ever seen. It was square in structure and was built upon a hill. The city itself is remarkable because of its quietness as compared with other American towns. There was not much marketing going on. Back in Baltimore I bought and rented some books and went again to the museum and theatre. I threw away a good deal of money on oysters and sweets, but bought also two woolen shirts for three dollars and a pair of shoes for a dollar and a half. My lodging cost me three dollars a week, and for an oilcloth jacket I spent four dollars. My teeth needed fixing and I found it hard to pay eight dollars for this work.

In a little while I hired out to the brig, POTAPSCO, going first to Philadelphia and then to Boston. In four days we were in Philadelphia, a city which is a hundred and fifty miles from Cape May, at the head of the Delaware Bay. This is one of the most interesting towns in America. All the streets cut each other at right angles; one way the streets are known by the names of figures. It was a very easy matter to find one's way about in such a town. The Arsenal of the United States is located here. I also saw among other vessels, the great PENNSYLVANIA, said to be the largest ship afloat. There was a shed built over the vessel and it looked almost like a mountain. Everything on this ship was so immense and I could scarcely understand how it was possible to manœuver such a giant. There were one hundred and forty cannon aboard the ship which had five decks.

Near the river Schuylkill where Philadelphia is built, is a large reservoir from which the city gets its water supply. After loading with wheat flour we proceeded to Boston with nothing of note happening except that I never saw so many birds flying towards the sea as I saw on this journey. Many of the poor creatures were so exhausted that they fell into the water. Some reached our ship. They were so tired we could take them up in our hands.

Boston was very much changed since I had last seen the city. Many fine buildings had been put up in the meantime, especially a new imposing courthouse which was not yet finished. There were some immense pillars of granite, bigger than the ones used in the capitol at Washington. I saw the

workers hauling one of these to the building with fifty-four yoke of oxen. From Boston we sailed to Baltimore and then back again without anything especially interesting happening. Here I left the ship as it was getting rather cold, and hired out to the brig, CAPTAIN PETERSON, going to Wilmington and from there to the West Indies. During my stay of about eight days in Boston I went to see the comedies pretty often. There was a Mademoiselle Celeste, who was a great favorite with the public. I bought a pair of shoes for a dollar and a half, for stockings I paid fifty cents, for a watch-chain, seventy-five and as much for a purse. I bought a ring for three dollars. Two dollars and a half I spent for a cap. Most of the time I lived on fruit. I met a girl and bought her a bible for a dollar and finally a ring for two dollars and fifty cents. Some money I spent for trash including a dollar which I spent for my picture.

Finally I went away on the ship at the close of October. It was already bitterly cold. There were only the captain, a mate, three sailors, and the cook on board, so that only one watch was stood by another man beside myself. We had a bad Northwest storm and the forecastle looked so rough we had to lie around on our chests. We covered ourselves with blankets to keep out the wet. The mate was cross, and always nagged and quarreled. We soon became very tired of him and his manners. One night while we were tacking, and it was hard to steer the ship, he came and yelled at me for not steering better. I answered that I was doing the best I could, but as he kept on grumbling and swearing I told him at last to steer for himself if he could do it better than I. He grabbed me, threatening to whip me, but I was not inclined to give in to him, so I let go the wheel and went at him. He yelled for the captain, who soon came running. For a moment I thought he too was going to strike me, so I let my fist go and landed a hard blow on his jaw. But just then the ship, which no one was steering turned broadside and a big wave tumbled over us, took the captain's hat overboard and washed us down to the leeside. That cooled us off somewhat. The captain took the wheel, told me to go forward and keep the lookout. Nothing was ever said again about the fight. I went so far as to make myself believe the captain liked me the better for it.

We lay seven days outside the coast and could not get into the harbor because of a heavy fog. At last it lifted. We got a pilot on board, who took us up to Wilmington, which lies up the river twelve to fourteen miles.

The country here is still lower than in Virginia, and it looks as if the sea is higher than the land. The soil is not very fertile. It is sandy and not much cultivated except close to the river where there are some big rice plantations. Here the labor is hard for the poor Negroes who tend the fields, as they have to work all the time in water above their knees. These plantations were so planned that they could be flooded with water when it is necessary. Growing rice looks like oats and when it is threshed, one can scarcely tell it from barley.

Wilmington is only a small town. The houses are mostly of lumber. In the summer it is hot, close and unhealthy. At the mouth of the river is a great fort called JOHNSON but there is a garrison of only twenty people. We took on a load of lumber for Porto Rico. After a long voyage we arrived at Mayaguez, a small town on the island. Porto Rico is a very pretty island and has a fine climate, but I will not describe the island too closely as it looks the same as most other West India islands. We unloaded our lumber but could not get a return load, so we took in ballast and went to the capital PORT AU PRINCE on St. Domingo, where we received a cargo of coffee. I believe this is the highest island in West India. Here one gets a good idea of what becomes of Negroes, when they all at once receive their freedom. The inhabitants are the laziest and most criminal I have ever seen or heard of. It is a funny sight to see the black soldiers at drill. They all have guns but many of them are without shirts or hats.

I saw the president, who is a mulatto, drilling his soldiers on a Sunday. He came riding with his whole staff, all very elegant and grand. He wore a three-cornered hat and a blue embroidered coat, white trousers, and short boots. Between the knee breeches and boots was a naked gap. He wore no stockings and his bare legs stuck out, making him look very comical. Here are many monasteries and churches left from the time of the French. We left St. Domingo in the beginning of December and arrived at Wilmington on Christmas

Day. We had some trouble about our pay, as the owners did not want to give us more than fifteen dollars a month, whereas the sailors wanted eighteen dollars. All who would not go for less than eighteen dollars, walked about with blue ribbons on their hats and in buttonholes. After a good deal of straddling the owners were obliged to give in and pay the desired wages. Some of the sailors got into severe trouble. They went to a ship, whose captain had whipped some of his men. One of the captain's creatures was tied with a rope around his neck, was pulled out of the cabin and then the sailors were crazy enough to pull him through the streets until the police came and nabbed them all. Well it was for me that I did not go as I intended; for they all had to go to prison for three months.

Again I hired out, this time to the brig *RISING STATES* which was going to Demarara. The captain pretended that he was very holy, but when we got out to sea, he got over it quickly. It was an old rotten ship. Since it had just been repaired, I did not think it was too bad, but we found out quickly when we got out into the ocean that it was impossible to keep the boat pumped dry. Moreover the rats were very bad. They gnawed holes everywhere. Surely if the weather had been bad, we would have gone to the bottom of the sea.

We reached Demarara in good time. The land is extremely flat; at one time it was considered to be very unhealthy, but now since many corals cut through the island, the climate is better and healthier. The soil is very fertile and everything looked fresh and green, not scorched as are some West Indian Colonies. This island used to belong to Holland and there were many inhabitants on it still belonging to that nation. There was no slavery here, as is the case in all English colonies. In Demarara they had to import white labor. The plantation owners sent agents to Germany, Ireland and other countries to persuade poor people to emigrate, promising them gold and plenty. These immigrants had to sign a contract to stay in Demarara from five to ten years. When the poor deluded people came, they could neither stand the climate nor the work at the sugar plantations and died like flies.

The ship on which I sailed on one trip brought eighty

men from the AZORES ISLANDS, and when we came back two and a half months later, only twenty-eight of them were left. Some of these came on board ship, complaining bitterly that they were not even allowed to write home, as the agents were naturally afraid that such letters would contain enough disclosures to prevent other persons from coming. Hardly any of these would see their native land again, since they were bound for at least five years. Several of these imported laborers tried to desert but were caught and punished by being sent to the treadmill. Going up the Demarara River, we could see no houses and I don't believe anyone lived on the island except at the mouth of the river. We could get no cargo there to take back to the United States so the captain intended to go to a German colony, somewhat south of Demarara. However, our contract was to go to Demarara and right back to the States, and we were afraid the ship would not pay our wages. We did not know who the owner was and we refused to go any further. We wanted our pay right then and there or we would quit. The captain begged us not to leave him as there was no crew to be had. He promised faithfully to pay us from returns on the freight as soon as we arrived in the States. After a while we consented to go, although we were very much afraid that the ship was so worthless, that we would not get our pay if we had to seize it. Off we went and after a long seige of tacking with head wind, we came to MICAIRA RIVER. At the mouth was a German fort with thirty men and two cannon to keep the Negroes from going out into the sea.

For a mile west of the mouth the Negroes were on English ground and there free to do as they wished. By land they could not escape through the bogs and morasses. We had to sail eight miles up the river to a sugar plantation to get our load of molasses. We drifted with the tide for a stretch, but had to anchor when the ebb flowed. Soon we found out in what a happy land we had arrived. Not a puff of wind! We were about to choke with the heat and the mosquitoes were terrible. I had always thought they were bad in New Orleans. However, they were mild, harmless creatures in that city compared with the blood-thirsty swarms which here fell upon one. It was impossible to escape. Sleep was also out of

the question. Several nights of this would turn us into lunatics.

We had to go very slowly since the current flowed down stream eight hours and up only four. When we anchored for the ebb, we amused ourselves by shooting birds, especially flame-colored herons, of which there were thousands. The difficulty was to get them out of the brush after they were shot. That would always raise veritable clouds of mosquitoes. One day we went ashore and the captain secured a baby monkey. It howled and cried so that other monkeys came down from the woods into the trees nearest the ship. We could stand on deck and shoot them. We got two in this manner. One of them had a young one holding fast to its mother. We got it on board and although it was quite young, we succeeded in bringing it alive to Boston.

At last we reached our destination which was a large sugar plantation with three hundred Negroes working the fields which belonged to a Scotch doctor. The country here was as low as in Demarara and all transportation was carried on in narrow ditches which cut everywhere through the fields. We thought on account of this that the mosquitoes would not be quite as bad, but as soon as the sun went down, they arrived in myriads. We endured it for a few hours, only. Something had to be done. We all left the ship and tried to get to the sugarhouse which was located two miles further up. There was a narrow path between two ditches just wide enough for a passage way. It began to pour down and I slipped into the ditch more than a dozen times always over my head in water. We were about to die from fright. The banks were full of water snakes. I had lost both of my shoes and had to go barefooted through the cutting, tall grass, trembling always for fear of stepping on a snake. However, it was as bad to go back as forward so we went on, and at last reached our much-desired goal, the sugarhouse.

The grinding of the sugar cane was done by steam. It was a new sight to watch these black people, with their wild, fierce faces reflected in the light of the fire from the boilers, carrying reeds for fuel to the tune of an African song. All would join in the chorus. It was easy to recognize the Negroes of African

birth. Their animalistic expressions, together with the tatooing which was all over their bodies, made some of them hideous looking. They were all naked except for a very small apron, not bigger than a hand. Here, as everywhere in the Dutch colonies, they were treated most shamefully and among the many I saw, there was not a man, whose back was not disfigured by scars which had been caused by a whip large enough so that one could lay a finger into the healed cut. Besides they had to work both day and night; even on Sundays. For the least wrong doing, they got punished most severely. Thus I saw a young Negro, for a small offense, receive twenty-five cuts with a whip as thick as my finger, and each time it cut, the particular spot would be bloody. They always have black slave drivers and these are said to be much more cruel than the white overseers. The next morning we began to take in molasses. At night we went up to the sugarhouse but it was too far to walk after we had worked incessantly all day.

Another German and I got permission from an old black sheepherder, to sleep in his hut during the night, for curiously enough, the mosquitoes do not bother the sheep pens. The first night we stayed there, it did not look very comfortable, for in the room in which we slept there was nothing but mud. Every morning there would be a few sheep stuck in the mud, occasionally some of them dead. But there was no choice. We lay down on the muddy earth which was soft enough not to hurt our aching bones. We took a sheep for a pillow and slept well, for not a mosquito came near us. It rained nearly every day. Being plastered with mud, molasses and sugar, our clothes certainly were a mess. I never spent fourteen days in a more uncomfortable manner.

It really is a pretty country, and the woods are filled with an unbelievable number of beautiful birds, deer, and with all sorts of other animals, including snakes. I saw some wild musk ducks and storks. The latter were the first I had seen since leaving home.

It seems queer that it does not shame the white ladies in the least to look at all these naked Indians and Negroes. There are no vehicles of any sort, instead the women use boats rowed by a half a dozen such naked negroes, who sit rather close to

the ladies. Sometimes these workers expose themselves rather vulgarly but this does not seem to matter.

Negresses old and young would watch us when we were unloading or doing some other work on shore. They came very near, unabashed and unconscious of their nudity. They would be sitting down and their small apron would become disarranged. Often I wondered if this was done by design because they would smile at us. Some of us discussed this in a manner not to be written down here. And there were entanglements. I am somewhat ashamed to admit a trespass or two of my own. Perhaps it was the thought of Delphine.

One curious thing I found out. Negro girls could blush. My shipmates thought this silly and laughed when I talked to them about my observation. Of course they did not blush in such a way as to make their faces red, but I witnessed blood waves going to their heads which somewhat darkened the color of their skin. This took place when my touch conveyed physical desires they had never experienced or thought improper. The Negro is very natural in his deeper relationships, and seemed far more unconscious and natural in his physical love life. On the other hand I was told, once Negro girls are acquainted with the artificial vices which are practiced in cities among white people they become far more depraved than white girls. Anyhow, while in later life I have at times not felt very proud about some escapades with other sailors in houses of ill fame, I have never felt ashamed of the few adventures I had in the tropics with native women. Apparently what was done by instinct was purification, while the other was degradation.

The Hollanders here pay some of the Indians to find runaway Negroes. The savages are very efficient in running them down. One slave got away from the plantation where we traded. He was found after two days search. He was brought on board the ship. We were to take him to the fort to be punished. He had his hands tied behind his back and had a rope around his neck, by which they pulled him along like an obstinate animal. When he came to the ship he begged us to loosen his hands a little as they hurt badly, but his guard would not allow it. They threw him into a canoe and tied

him down hard and fast for fear he would jump into the water and drown himself. His punishment consisted of two hundred lashes with a terrible whip. This extreme punishment often causes death. This fellow however got over it, came back and while we were yet with our ship, ran away a second time and without doubt reached the English boundary, for they had not recovered him when we left NICAYRA. Poor devil!

While we were still anchored and waiting, one day we had a Negro aboard to help us. Towards night there were always a lot of snakes swimming across the river close to the side where we lay moored. The Negro saw a large, bluish snake coming and he went out into the water to get away from him. Usually snakes rush away at the least alarm. Although this was a poisonous one, the Negro let it crawl all over his naked body, stuck his finger into its mouth without being bitten. At last he broke its poisonous teeth out with a nail and brought the creature on board the ship telling us we would soon be free of rats. We were afraid of the animal and didn't dare go to sleep in our bunks that night but we never saw or heard of the snake again. Its length must have been about five feet.

In the beginning of April, to our great joy, we left Nicayra River. We had at first intended to run into the BARBADOS to get some bread, but as it was too far to the east we made ST. VINCENT instead. South of this island we got into a terrible storm. We could hardly keep the water out of the ship with both pumps going. The old hull of the boat creaked and groaned and we thought she would go down every minute. But we reached the harbor at St. Vincent safely. We were determined to leave the ship, which we wanted to see condemned. Still we were fools enough to let the captain persuade us to go with him and his ship again. St. Vincent is a very pretty island. It belongs to England and has the strongest fort I have ever seen. We ran with the trade wind in amongst the West Indian Islands and arrived at last at ST. CROIX and ST. THOMAS. It was the first time I had seen the islands again since I was on the land. If we could not keep the ship pumped out, at least we would be able to save our lives.

The fourth day of May we reached Boston. We were ex-

hausted from pumping but went ashore right away expecting to be paid off in accordance with the captain's promise, but he wouldn't pay us. After ten days of wrangling, we had him arrested. But the rascal swore that he had not made us any such promise. All we could do was seize the ship. It was three weeks before the boat was sold and it brought so little that we got about half of our pay. We were advised to summons the owner but we found this would cost too much, as we had to go to New Providence where he lived. We put the case into a lawyer's hands permitting him to keep whatever money he could get. I hope he got it all for we did not want the owner to enjoy our hard-earned money. From what I know by this time of American lawyers, he probably got it.

In Boston I lived in a Methodist home and once a week we had to attend or listen to a prayer meeting. They tried everything within their power and used much persuasion to make a Methodist of me. They finally got me going to church three times on Sunday.

I had intended now to take a journey home but was kept in Boston so long on account of the miserable bother about our pay and had used up so much money that I had to give up this idea. On account of the fretful waiting, money which could have been saved was spent foolishly. I hired myself out to the ship SHEPHERD which was going to Calcutta.

Just as I was going up to the office to sign the contract, I met an English captain who was in a dilemma about getting a man to go with him to Edinburgh, and when he offered me good pay I decided to go with him. He was first going to St. Johns.

The country was full of rocky mountains partly overgrown by fir and birch trees. The town lies at the mouth of St. Johns river on uneven stony ground. The inhabitants are mostly Irishmen. What intrigued me most was the unusual ebb and flow of water. In the bay the water rose and fell ninety feet, and the tide came in so swiftly that not even a horse could outrun it. The river which at high water is level with the sea, falls over a rock with one great leap. The inhabitants carried on a lumber trade with England and an un-

believable number of great ships were entering and going all summer long.

After lying here a month, we left. At the beginning we had very bad and stormy weather. On Newfoundland's banks it was mighty cold on account of the many icebergs floating around. Still it was a very beautiful sight to look at these frozen islands. Some were very large and looked like big cities with towers and church spires. All in all I never fared any better than I did on this ship. We never heard an oath spoken. Twice a day somebody said prayers and on Sunday, three times. The captain read a chapter from the Bible and then we would all sing some hymns. If this did not do any good, I know it cured me and some of the other sailors, who had been in the habit of swearing, of this unnecessary habit. At any rate, on the voyage we quit the use of foul language altogether. I reached the opinion that even if people were forced to go to church some good might be derived from it.

The first land we saw was HOCKALL, an immense rock lying in the middle of the sea. It was about four miles in circumference and stretched far under the water, making it very dangerous to vessels. Around the edge of the island no bottom could be found. The location is about four days sailing from the coast of England.

At last after five long years I saw Europe again. We sailed through the straits, arrived safely in Edinburgh. The scenery was beautiful. About two miles from LEITH is the harbor which was built with locks in order that there should be water for the ships during the ebb tide. I have not seen any town more beautiful than Edinburgh. High above the city stands Edinburgh Castle. Although the city is located only two miles from Leith, post chaises ply between these two towns every quarter of an hour.

What makes the city so beautiful are the many flower gardens. The smaller sidewalks are made of bricks. The stores and shops are much more elegant than the ones in the United States. All the houses, especially those in the new part of town, are built of heavy gray stone, and are mostly five

stories high. The streets are perfectly straight. The old town is separated from the new by a deep ravine. There are some houses eight stories high while others are very small.

The Castle, which is situated on a high rock, is protected by a very strong fort, manned by Highlanders in their native costumes, who present a most romantic appearance. However, I think it must be confounded cold to have to go the whole winter without breeches. From the castle one sees an unforgettable spectacular panorama. The whole town lies below, and one can see for a great distance in all directions. The scenery is dotted with lakes, here called LOCHS. In the castle I saw a cannon which they called OLD CHARLEY which had a mouth three feet in diameter.

Over the ravine between the new and old town, is a long bridge about a hundred feet high. Under this structure there is a meat and vegetable market, and it amused me to see all the people so busy below the bridge. Although they were talking in English I could not understand anything they said.

From Leith I went as passenger on the German vessel which was sailing to the Baltic Seas. The captain promised to let me off near BREMEN. We had a good wind across the North Sea and it was with greatest joy I sighted a lighthouse.

After some maneouvering, we landed at the mouth of the river. How thankful I was to put my feet again on the soil which after all I loved very much. I had made certain plans. My outward appearance had certainly changed; my knowledge of the English language would make it easy for me to pass as a foreigner. Still I had no intention of going home where detection might be fraught with possible danger. I took passage in a post chaise and within a few hours I was in Bremen. It was my intention to go and see the Lutheran pastor and get information as to whether or not my friend, Pastor Ahrens, was still preaching at a village near my home. If so, I was going to communicate with him.

I easily found the church, close to which, of course, were the pastor's quarters. I rang the bell, and to my very great surprise, Pastor Ahrens opened the door himself. Apparently he had been transferred. With great joy I rushed up to him,

grasped him by the hand, while he looked somewhat astonished at this outburst of friendliness. When I shouted my name, his greetings were as enthusiastic as my own. After the preliminaries, I inquired about my parents and my sister. I heard that they were well but at times lonely for me. But the best news I received was that I had not killed a man. While he had been badly mangled, he recovered. The period of convalescence had changed him very much, and although he did not marry my sister because—as I later heard—she refused him, he took care of the baby, which shortly afterwards died.

Pastor Ahrens agreed that notwithstanding the fact that a danger for me had been removed it would be best that I should not go home. He sent a trustworthy man with the news to my relatives, and a few days later they arrived in Bremen. What a joyful reunion! How they listened to my narratives and how we enjoyed ourselves. After a while I discussed my future plans which had the approval of Pastor Ahrens, to whom I had explained them while waiting for the arrival of my parents.

I told my father that he and the family should emigrate to America. I explained to them that for a few hundred dollars, farms could be had ten times bigger than all the property his landlord owned. My mother was very reluctant to consider it and I felt sure she didn't believe what I said. When I explained the immensity of the territory to her, she was frightened. I pointed out to my sister how easily it would be for her to get married in America and how happy she would be if altogether removed from the locality of her misfortune. After a long private discussion at which only my father and the pastor were present, everything was settled. I was to go back, look around for a suitable place, work and earn some money, and send the passage fare to my parents, who were to come either to Baltimore or to New Orleans. My father thought he had almost enough for the passage. Pastor Ahrens offered to loan him enough if there was any deficiency. All this was arranged in case I should immediately find something suitable which might be lost through a delay.

Next day my family went home. The leave-taking was carried out in a light-hearted spirit for we all knew we would

soon be together again. My sister had lost her sorrowful appearance and was carrying gaily the parrot which I had given her. My mother fondled the silken shawl and father had a bundle of cigars such as he had never before smoked in his life.

A few days later I mustered on a boat which was going to the Spanish Coast, from there to Cuba, and thence to New Orleans. An uneventful voyage, which lasted seven weeks, brought me to New Orleans again. Since it was morning, I did not look immediately for lodgings, but went to a corner house in Chartres Street. At this place the offices of John McDonogh were located. I had heard much about this man, and therefore was greatly disappointed to see the dingy place in which he transacted his business. Furniture rickety, plaster on the walls broken, and paper and books strewn all over the place in great disorder, nor did the man's appearance substantiate his reputation of being the greatest landowner in the United States, and that millions of acres in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida were under his management.

Rather, he looked like a cheaply-paid clerk. After a gruff greeting, I asked him if he had time enough to listen to what I had to say. He told me if I was not a beggar, I could go ahead. And so I explained to him that I wished to acquire some land from him, that I would work, earn some money, and pay him for it. That it was my wish to have my parents over as soon as possible. He asked me why I didn't go to the government, who gave settlers all the land they wanted for nothing. I explained to him that my parents were no longer very strong and that I thought he might have something already somewhat improved.

John McDonogh walked over to another table where he went over papers until he apparently found what he wanted. He then opened a big book, which I found out later was a plat-book, and motioned me over to him. He showed me a plan drawn in ink, and explained to me that this was a plantation in Mississippi, a day or so's travel north of Biloxi. Six hundred and forty acres were in this plot. The house had burned down, most of the cabins were destroyed, but enough of them were standing to give shelter. This was a bewildering proposi-

tion. McDonogh told me that my parents could move on to this place, which although very much run-down and partly reverted to wilderness, would in time make an excellent plantation. He told me I could have this place for eight hundred dollars, five dollars to be paid down, right then and there to seal the bargain, three hundred dollars in two years, and the balance subject to a later agreement. He told me if we wanted to work hard, that with the help of some niggers, the place could be easily paid for in the second year. I asked him if this was such a splendid proposition, why the property was idle. He said he had had a lot of litigation over this place and much fighting. The house had been burned down deliberately; no one lived on the place for years and only the recent death of a relative of the former owner had entirely cleared the title.

The deed was drawn, I wrote a long letter home setting forth everything I had done and urged my parents to come. With the little money I had, I bought a draft, giving both letter and draft to the captain of the boat which was soon to go back to Bremen. For eleven weary weeks I waited. I did not hear a word. In the meantime I worked at various jobs preferring to do this rather than hire myself out for any lengthy period. In this way I also made more money. It certainly was curious that a steady worker was always paid less per day than the occasional worker.

One night when I arrived at my boarding house, the arrivals from Germany were seated in the parlor. Although my parents and my sister were tired from the long voyage, they were at the same time so excited with anticipation, that they alternately wept and laughed. At night I took them to the theater, the first one they had ever seen. And although they couldn't understand a word, it was worth everything to watch their shining eyes as they enjoyed the spectacle.

The next day we went to McDonogh's office, where I introduced my people to him. He looked them over and was apparently well-satisfied. He made them sign several papers and he was not surprised that with the exception of my sister, they could not write, and told me that their crossmark properly witnessed would do.

He gave me a letter to his agent in Biloxi explaining we would receive directions there. The following evening we arrived at Biloxi. Although it was late, we asked for directions to this address. The agent received us, read the letter, and told us to see him in the morning. He sent a Negro boy with us to see that we should find a boarding house which he advised me to take. The next morning we discussed fully all the details with my parents. Of course I had to act as an interpreter. He told them that they had to have some help. That he had an elderly slave and his wife, who had been on the place before. Since the couple was old, they were not worth much, and he would sell them for two hundred dollars. Instead of cash payment my parents would give him a note, which I was to indorse.

When I explained all this, my mother was very frightened. She wouldn't have anything to do with slaves. I told her that all the work around here was done by slaves, and that it was up to her to treat them in a manner that wouldn't bother her conscience. In the meantime, the Negro and his wife arrived. I could see the two women recoiling from the meeting but when I pointed out to my mother that the faces of the negroes were not at all unfriendly, and when, because of something that was said, the negro woman laughed out loudly, my parents were not quite so frightened. The agent also explained that the nigger being familiar with all the work would unconsciously give out much useful information. The bargain was concluded.

During the afternoon I hired a boat for three dollars and the next morning all our possessions were put into it, and the six of us were on the way. The place—which afterwards became a famous plantation—of course overwhelmed all of us. We selected a three-room cabin, which was not too badly in repair, for our quarters. I told the negro to see that we got something to eat. In a surprisingly short while we had a supper such as our family had never before tasted. During the next few days my father explored the place, and made enough plans and suggestions to give any ten farmers enough to do for their lifetime. Finally he had to laugh himself and I was certainly surprised by the ambitions which apparently had been

hidden away in this man during a lifetime. After a few days I left the place. It was agreed that I should use the little remaining money to buy some implements and then go to work, and earn some more money, of which plenty would be needed for a while. When I left, I told my mother that I expected, on my return, to find her talking English and that the negro would be a good German.

When I arrived in New Orleans it seemed to me a duty to go and see Mr. McDonogh and tell him that the place was settled. He was busy with several men and motioned me to wait outside but not to leave. For nearly three hours I walked up and down the hallway which was damp and unfriendly. Finally the gentlemen left and I ventured inside. Considering the noisy shouting discussion that had gone on, I expected to find Mr. McDonogh worn and tired out. But this he was not. He listened to me. When I was through, he looked me in the eye for a longer time than anyone had ever done before. I almost faltered. Finally he asked me if I wanted to work for him. Before I could say yes or no, he explained that he had a large number of German, Swiss, Danish and Dutch settlers on his various properties, and that the problems presented by some of them were beginning to be too much for him. He offered me sixty dollars a month, of which he thought twenty should go towards the payment of the plantation. He explained to me that I could get along easily on the remaining forty dollars since no doubt I would often enjoy the hospitality of the settlers. After a while he became very friendly and talked a great deal about Baltimore where he was born.

Of course I quickly and willingly agreed to his proposition. I despatched a letter to my parents although I didn't know how it was to be delivered to the plantation from Biloxi. I felt very happy that night.

Two years later during which time I had seen John McDonogh many a time on business and had stayed occasionally at his home on the other side of the river, he one day insisted that I should study law. But that is in another book.

(The editor feels extremely unhappy that during the whole of this story he has been unable to disclose the name of the diarist. The reasons are many. I think this is the first diary of its kind in which a writer has disclosed some of his intimate affairs, or made observations of a nature not usually put down on paper. When this diary first came to my notice, the leaves pertaining to his sentimental affairs were torn out. It required tact, patience, and a great deal of persuasion to recover these missing parts. They were finally entrusted to my temporary possession. If I made use of them, I was strictly forbidden to disclose the identity of the writer. After some years, I heard of a second volume, which is far more fascinating, for it gives an inside story into the business transactions of one of the greatest land speculators who ever lived in the United States, a man unbelievably shrewd, very successful, yet always entirely scrupulous in his dealings and who was at the same time imbued with a sentimental soul somewhat unique in American annals. But here again a great reluctance was experienced on the part of descendants to have the memoirs published because of certain details that a super-sensitive old lady thinks will reflect on the honor of an ancestor. There is, however, some hope of overcoming this hesitation particularly if this volume should bring forward serious and favorable comment.

Hattiesburg, Miss., November, 1936.

The part so far published was written in a German dialect by a man who at the time of writing, was already somewhat familiar with the English language. In putting his ideas and experiences down he was thinking in two languages, which made the work of the editor much more complicated than it will appear to the casual reader. This has quite often made for a style not altogether homogeneous. If and when the second volume appears, footnotes and comments will be added.

CHARLES F. HEARTMAN

December, 1941.

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